

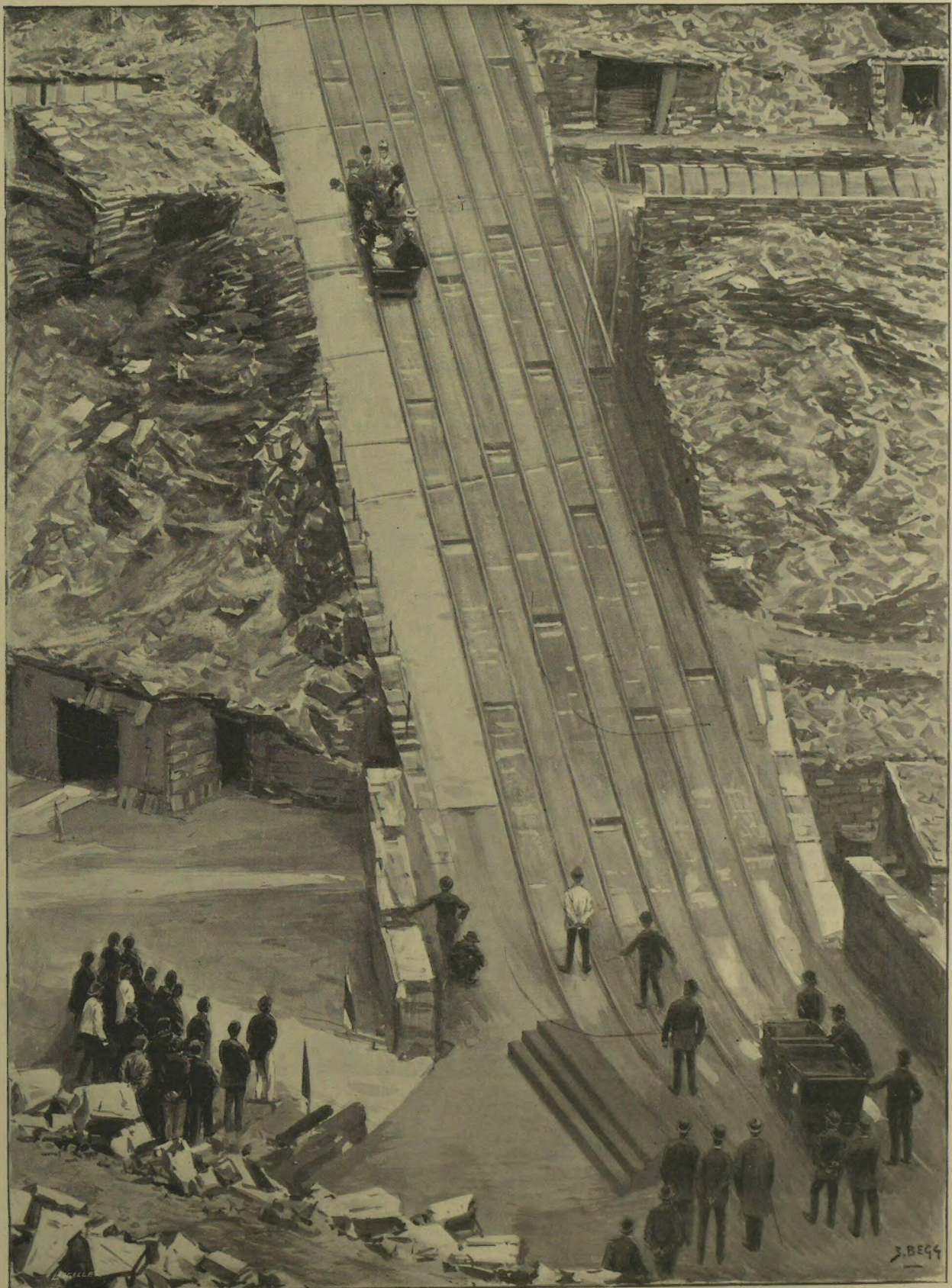
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES By Post, 6d.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE DINORWIC SLATE QUARRIES, CARNARVONSHIRE: THE ROYAL PARTY ASCENDING ONE OF THE INCLINES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. H. JONES, FORT DINORWIC.

The Duke and Duchess are seated in the front carriage of the two, together with Mrs. Assheton Smith and Lord Carrington.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Humour, says an essayist whose acquaintance I have lately made, is given to Englishmen to conceal their opinions. This smacks of plagiarism, for I seem to have read a similar definition of the chief use of language for mankind in general. The essayist presses his point by distinguishing between English and American humour. The American variety has an almost brutal candour; it is only in England that humour is an instrument of hypocrisy. When we are afraid to say outright what we think, we pass it off with a pleasantry. Evidently the function of irony is not appreciated by this writer, whose own manner of speech is direct, and somewhat crude. Besides, the union of humour and hypocrisy is so incongruous and unnatural that I would challenge the essayist to cite any examples of it. Let him range from Aristophanes to Max Beerbohm, and produce any considerable humorist who is not, by virtue of his quality, the soul of frankness. If you have any truly humorous perception, the most comical object in the world is yourself. Your own weaknesses, limitations, peculiarities, present themselves to you as inexhaustible subjects of mirth—kindly mirth, of course (as it is all in the family), but unmistakable proof that the Comic Spirit in your system views the rest of you at a critical angle.

Now, there are humorists in public affairs who, although they do not dwell on their own imperfections, like the private gentlemen who write about themselves for the general entertainment, have the still greater responsibility of pointing out the humorous elements of the national character. Do they shrink from this responsibility, and seek refuge in hypocritical devices? There is a certain Under-Secretary who delights the House of Commons with jokes about his chief-in-the House of Lords. The business of his department is concerned with education, and when he is asked a question about a school catechism, he says he will consult his noble friend. His noble friend has all the graces of aristocracy, but is scarcely qualified to shine as a censor of catechisms. The jest brings out one of those pleasing incongruities of an official routine, which are usually hidden behind the rapid generalities of dull politicians. Some critics of that humorous Under-Secretary say that he makes light of his position, and that he ought to resign. I hope he will do no such thing. He is an original genius in a sphere which has not too much genius to boast of, and he enables us to counter the gibe of the foreigner who accuses us of national hypocrisy. If there be a hypocrite in our public life, it is not the Under-Secretary for the Education Office.

Then take the Prime Minister. As a humorist Lord Salisbury is unsurpassed among English statesmen. The Queen has had three other humorous Premiers—Melbourne, Palmerston, and Disraeli. It was Melbourne who delighted in the Order of the Garter, because he said it was never given for any "d—d merit." I don't think that story can be well known among the Continental critics who say we are a nation of hypocrites. "Old Pam's" humour was eminently candid, Dizzy's sometimes oblique; but none of the three had the robust courage of Lord Salisbury's jests. To a company of artists at the Academy dinner he descends upon the growth of ugliness. A national hypocrite might pretend that the English are distinguished for the solicitude with which they preserve and foster the sense of beauty; but Lord Salisbury says that in dress, pastimes, and the practical arts of life, they are disqualifying themselves for representation on the Academy walls. The picturesque is banished from the Army and Navy, and lovely woman is seen in costumes which are impossible to canvas. Ladies who cycle in knickerbockers are devoted by this critic to Dante's "Inferno," and every woman who prides herself on the decorum of her bicycle skirt is consigned to the same address. When M. Edouard Rod saw the pigs in the Chicago pork-factories going in at one door with the pride and obstinacy of life, and coming out as sausages at another, he exclaimed, "How horrible!" and fainted. Being a humorist, Lord Salisbury does not faint at spectacles that displease him; he calls for Dante.

Another Parliamentary humorist, unhappily deceased, invoked the Italian classic on a famous occasion, but not by name. It was a night in the stormy times when the Irish members used to be arrested by the Serjeant-at-Arms, a meek little old gentleman in black silk stockings, who wore a sword. Quailing under his eye, the Irishmen withdrew in a body, Mr. Biggar bringing up the rear. When he reached the Bar of the House, he turned his quaint face towards the Chair, whence the voice of Mr. Speaker Brand was thundering "Order, order!" and cried, "To Dante with order, Mr. Speaker!" Only it was not Dante he said, nor yet the "Inferno," but a simpler word, which consecrates the memories of both. Mr. Biggar is dead. We could have better spared the silk stockings of the Serjeant-at-Arms.

Even ugliness has its charms, and one of them is that no two people can agree as to its constituent elements. Lord Salisbury is rebuked by an æsthetic person for calling battle-ships ugly. A battle-ship, it seems, is "majestic," and majesty must be beautiful—an opinion which ought

to be grateful and comforting to the Dowager-Empress of China. Some ugliness has its partisans, because they possess what Max Beerbohm calls "a Tory temperament." The Strand would be a more agreeable thoroughfare if it were turned into a boulevard; but as this is supposed to be a scheme of the Progressives on the County Council, Max Beerbohm's "Tory temperament" is frankly hostile. In other times this temperament insisted that everything Cockney was intolerable. Keats was a Cockney poet; therefore he was advised to drop poetry and stick to Apothecaries' Hall. A policeman has distinguished himself by painting a picture which the Academy came very near to hanging. It was the victim of that eternal want of space which vexes rejected though meritorious artists. Will this policeman be advised by the "Tory temperament" to drop the brush and stick to the baton? Or, as the representative of law and order, will he be welcomed as a fitting champion of the beautiful? In a crude English version of an old opera of Offenbach's, two guardians of the peace used to describe how they sought inspiration in the landscape, and how—

Refreshed by Nature's holy charm
We run 'em in, we run 'em in,
We are such bold gendarmes!

Will the artistic policeman, after painting a view from Primrose Hill, feel invigorated for his duties in Seven Dials?

Perhaps it is the growing ugliness of life which makes the public flock with such eagerness to Burlington House on the opening day. You meet a pretty woman coming out with a catalogue in her daintily gloved hand. If you look very closely at the pupils of her eyes (supposing you are privileged to make such inspection), you will see why she receives your greeting so distantly and listens with an absent smile to your latest social gossip. Her eyes are full of the glories of forty Academicians. Once their limpid depths reflected you; but now they mirror painters, all hung on the line. Your soul is promptly aflame with jealousy, and you remark with cold sarcasm: "Ah! No need for me to see the pictures." "Indeed!" she murmurs indifferently. "Yes, I can follow the whole show in your eyes, and I gather that it is one of the worst exhibitions of recent years." She flushes with anger. "Don't talk like some silly critic in a newspaper!" she says, and opening the catalogue, shows you the margins covered with pencilled ecstasies—"lovely," "charming," "exquisite," and so forth. "You don't understand," she continues, "what this Exhibition is to me on the first Monday in May. It fortifies me against the trivialities and the hideous commonplace of the season. Yes, the hideous commonplaces," she repeats, looking you straight in the face. "I have spent the morning in a beautiful world, and when I come out of it, back to the world of ugliness and falsehoods and sneers, you are the first person I meet. Happy coincidence, isn't it?" So you don't ask her to lunch, as you had intended, and you resolve never again to talk to pretty women while they are fresh from the Academy's "holy charm."

"We are all of us, always, in everything, straining after contraries," says Max Beerbohm. (For the engaging philosophy of this wise youth let me refer you to his sparkling little volume of essays called "More," which ought to have on its title-page this quotation from Shakspeare: "How much more elder art thou than thy years!") That, I suppose, is why Madame Calvé has ordered her gravestone. It will be a beautiful thing, no doubt, full of sculptured allusions to the heavenly choir; and she will study it in restful contemplation, when she wants to escape from the ugliness of operatic jealousies, and visions of the opera-house full of shirt-fronts and bald heads. All the same, a gravestone is one of the "contraries," for which any undue craving indicates a loss of tone and balance in the nervous system. There was once a German baron who married a wife, took her straight to his ancestral castle, and insisted upon spending the honeymoon in the family vault. This high life below stairs did not please her. What had a bride to do with the bleached joints of ancestors? What has Madame Calvé to do with grave-stones, unless she have the humorous fancy that they appreciate music much better than the public? Walls have ears; why not the monumental mason's angels?

A correspondent sends me a communication, headed "Dinner and the Drama." It is too long to be printed entire; but I make an excerpt: "You will see from this argument that Dinner and the Drama are irreconcilable. One of them must go. The playgoer cannot dine if he has to be in his stall by eight o'clock, and the dramatist cannot dramatise if he has to provide an entertainment which begins at nine and ends at eleven. This cannot be a four or even a three-act play; it must be something light and frivolous, episodic, musical, quite remote from the realities of life. I believe that Dinner will be victorious, and that the Drama will not survive the present generation. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may be thumbed in free libraries, and lectures upon Mr. Pinero given at the Royal Institution; but the stage will cease to know either of these. No man, with any reverence for his digestion, will sit through Wagner, and opera will be lost, save in 'selections' by restaurant orchestras." Does this suggest that, after all, the spirit of prophecy, and not of caprice, broods over Madame Calvé's gravestone?

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, departing from Nice on Tuesday this week, to arrive at Windsor on Thursday, will have completed one of her most agreeable and beneficial visits, in the early spring, or rather end of winter, season to the sunshiny coast of southern France. Upon no previous similar occasion has her retreat been enlivened by so many of the members of the royal family being in the neighbourhood and finding it easy to come and see her. Among the latest visitors there to pay their respects to the Queen were Sir Horace Rumbold, her Ambassador to Austria, and Sir Edmund Monson, Ambassador to France.

The Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark, on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, arrived in Suda Bay, Crete, at noon on April 27, and was received by her nephew, Prince George of Greece; Sir A. Biliotti, the British Consul, also paid his respects to her Royal Highness. On the next day these illustrious ladies came ashore at Canea, and became the guests of Prince George at Halepa, his residence near that town. They left Crete on Sunday night, and have returned to Italy.

The Prince of Wales, as President of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, was in the chair on Monday evening at the dinner of the London Life-boat Saturday Fund. He recalled the old connection of his granduncle, King George IV., and of four others, the Dukes of York, Clarence (King William IV.), Sussex, and Cambridge, as well as of his father, the Prince Consort, with the Life-boat Institution, since 1825. It has now 295 life-boats on our coast, and has given rewards altogether for the saving of 41,000 lives, two or three hundred already in this year. One of its efforts has been to procure from Government better means of communicating between lighthouses or lightships and the shore, for which Signor Marconi's experiments in wireless electric telegraphy seem likely to be useful. The Prince's speech was earnest and practical; the guests subscribed over £2400 at the dinner-table.

The Hardwicke Society of lawyers, Bench and Bar, also had its dinner at the Trocadero on Monday evening, Mr. Cecil Walsh in the chair. Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Choate, Ambassador of the United States, who said there were 90,000 lawyers in his country, including several ladies, made the chief speeches; and, with regard to the numbers of the profession in America, Lord Russell mentioned that he, two or three years ago, met seven hundred judges, and twice as many barristers, in the town of Saratoga.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York on Monday at Lambeth Palace received a deputation, conducted by the Duke of Rutland, Lord Cross, Earl Egerton, and other noblemen, to present a memorial signed by more than ten thousand laymen of the Church of England, supporting the Archbishops and Bishops in their efforts to secure due adherence of the clergy to the rules prescribed by the Common Prayer-Book with its rubrical directions. Their Graces in reply stated that their first hearing of cases brought before them would begin next Monday, and they considered that the clergy should keep within the law. But it was not impossible that some arrangements of the Prayer-Book might be considered at a more convenient time.

A report of the Council of the Prince of Wales's Hospitals Fund for London shows that £32,500 was distributed in the past year, £23,000 being annual grants, and the Fund maintains 242 beds which were previously closed. It is desirable, however, that £50,000 should be distributed in the present year, for which further public help is required.

Sir William Anson has resigned the Vice-Chancellorship of the University of Oxford to become the Unionist candidate, likely to be unopposed, for the seat in Parliament vacated by the death of Sir John Mowbray.

The tercentenary of the birth of Oliver Cromwell was celebrated at Huntingdon two days later—namely, on Thursday, April 27—with an open-air meeting on the Market Hill, Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., presiding, a luncheon at the Corn Exchange, and meetings at the Free Church. There was also a meeting held on the battlefield of Naseby.

On Friday morning, in the dense fog off the South Foreland, the East Godwin Sands Lightship was run into and somewhat damaged by a steamer called the *R. P. Matthews*, from London, outward bound. Captain Clayton, in command of the lightship, at once telegraphed by the new wireless method to the South Foreland Light-house, twelve miles to the south-west, and communicated also with the shore at Deal, which is ten miles distant. There was no danger of either vessel immediately sinking, as the sea was calm, but needful assistance was sent. The lightship has been replaced by another.

There is no political news of a startling character from the Continent, but the approaching Peace Conference at the Hague is regarded with interest. Spain has resumed the ordinary forms of amicable diplomatic intercourse with the United States of America, receiving twenty million dollars for the loss of the Philippines. But there are still in the Philippines ten thousand captive Spaniards detained by the native insurgents against the American rule, which seems hard on Spain. The United States army, however, gained additional successes last week. On April 27 General McArthur defeated the main body of the enemy at Calumpit, on the Rio Grande, crossed the river, and drove them back two miles, while General Lawton, at Angat, to the eastward, secured a very strong position. The American total loss in killed and wounded has been small. Overtures of peace are now coming to General Otis from the insurgent leaders.

From the Samoa Islands, the news is, to April 18, of some more fighting of the British and American Naval Brigade force ashore to put down the native rebels, or partisans of the usurper Mataafa; but with the arrival of the joint Commissioners of Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, there will be a new order of things.

The British Channel Squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, on Friday afternoon left the shores of the island of Sardinia, at Cagliari, returning to

Gibraltar, after having visited the principal other ports, and joined with the Italian naval forces, at the grand review in Aranci Bay, in doing honour to King Humbert and Queen Margherita. Their Majesties, accompanied by the Italian Prime Minister and two of his colleagues, in visiting that island, which has considerable and various natural resources, but needing development by skill and enterprise, may seem to have brought a promise of future prosperity. Italy can probably get more benefit out of improving Sardinia and Sicily than out of the African shore of the Red Sea, or even Tripoli; and with the goodwill of France and of all other nations. The French naval squadron had already done its part, a few days earlier, in complimenting the King and Queen at Sassari. Their visit, lastly, to the home and tomb of Garibaldi, in the little islet of Caprera, was an incident recalling some noble and heroic memories of patriotism, fidelity, and valour.

A dreadful hurricane, or tornado, in the State of Missouri, North America, on Tuesday evening, April 27, swooped upon the town of Kirksville with such force as to destroy four hundred houses in a few minutes, killing fifty people and injuring several hundred.

On Tuesday, at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Cecil Rhodes addressed an overflowing and enthusiastic meeting of Chartered Company shareholders. Mr. Rhodes gave a confident report as to the future of Rhodesian gold mining.

PARLIAMENT.

The event of the week is Lord Salisbury's statement in the Lords with regard to the Anglo-Russian Agreement. By this instrument, Great Britain recognises Russian supremacy in Manchuria, and Russia binds herself not to interfere with our sphere of influence in the Yangtze Valley. Special provisions are made about the Niu-Chwang Railway, which is to be made with British capital in the Russian sphere. Lord Salisbury announced that our interests in this respect were entirely safeguarded. In the Commons Sir Henry Fowler and Sir William Harcourt delivered elaborate but ineffectual attacks upon the Budget. Incidentally the Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted that the position of the Savings Banks was unsatisfactory, and promised an inquiry. It is alleged that the Government pays more interest on deposits in the Savings Banks than it can obtain for the money deposited. Sir John Gorst introduced the Education Estimates, laying remarkable stress on the failure of the rural schools. He gave some instances of the way in which education in the rural districts is hampered by the practice of parents in sending children of tender age to work in the fields in the early morning before school hours. In the course of the debate Sir John Gorst made one of those frolicsome speeches which amuse the House, but seem inconsistent with the harmony which is supposed to prevail between the head of a Department in the Lords and his subordinate in the Commons. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman dwelt on this with some severity, and three nights later Sir John Gorst reverted to the subject in a personal explanation. He denied that he was in any disagreement with the Duke of Devonshire. The leader of the Opposition insisted that Sir John Gorst's attitude amounted to a scandal, and that his great abilities should be transferred to another post. Mr. Balfour replied that it was not the business of the Opposition to reconstruct the Ministry.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CHANGE ALLEY," AT THE GARRICK.

The fatal weakness of "Change Alley," the pretentious comedy which Messrs. Parker and Carson have written round the South Sea Bubble, is its absolute lack of dramatic quality. The authors have been at such pains to illustrate manners and to suggest "atmosphere" that they have scarcely troubled to think of a story. Thanks to scenic artist and costumier, the Garrick playgoer can learn something of eighteenth-century disorderly taverns and their strange customers; he will see how the country gentry dined under Walpole's rule, and how town sparks and toasts promenade at Sadler's Wells; and he can contrast the feverish excitement of a Change Alley panic with the restful beauty of a formal old-world garden. For his further comfort let him know that the dramatists have borrowed one scene from Goldsmith and another from Sheridan, that they have copied from historical sources the menu of a weird dinner and a list of fantastic trade-projects, and finally that their dialogue contains, at any rate, such obvious Georgian conceits as "obleegee" and "consarn." But drama he will seek in vain in "Change Alley." Such melodramatic incidents as are employed lead nowhere. It is all windy talk, all flashy spectacle, and—a bad play. The plot? Well, it deals with the career of a scapegrace, who lost his fortune and had it restored by the kind offices of a pretty sweetheart and a quaint old sailor-servant. The characterisation? It consists of little more than labelling the various puppets with descriptive surnames, Heartwright, Parchment, and the like—another "graceful concession" to last-century tradition. As for the acting of Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson in the leading roles, of Messrs. Jack Barnes, Murray Carson, and James Welch in character parts, how could it be other than artificial?

"IN DAYS OF OLD," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Edward Rose is another victim of the spectacular craze. He, too, has sought to supply a pictorial drama, but in his case failure has come not from the absence of story altogether, but from inexplicable motivation and a tedious manipulation of the love-interest. Here again, historical colour has been striven after. We are shown the ancient family of the Beddards, split into two opposing factions, Lancastrian and Yorkist. We see in the mad King's Court Queen Margaret and her maids, with steeple head-dress and gowns emblematic of flowers, dancing an intricate measure, while courtiers talk in poetic parables and ladies sue for love-favours. And as we watch the

siege of a Lancastrian noble's castle, we appreciate in some degree the savage cruelty of mediæval warfare. Meantime, the various characters vary their opinions with bewildering inconsistency; a Lancastrian leaves a Yorkist kinsman in command of his castle, and the White Rose hero mixes with his foes in perfect safety. This latter youth it is who is persuaded by the silliest of villainous devices to deem his cousin-fiancee false and shame her before the whole Court, and then, when she has married and he has ridden to her husband's castle and described his journey in true d'Artagnan style, exchanges views with her on the bond of marriage and plies all the sophistry of problem drama. Mr. Alexander is tender, earnest, and fervent as the stupid lover. Miss Violet Vanbrugh makes a stately and graceful Queen, with an intermittent French accent; while strenuous acting is furnished by Mr. H. B. Irving, a villainous turncoat, and Mr. Esmond, a fighting Lollard. But Miss Fay Davis's inadequacy in the heroine's rôle is of serious consequence to a play that is in itself so disappointing and incomprehensible.

"A GOOD TIME" (!), AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Why waste words over so boring and banal a thing as the musical farce produced at the Opera Comique under the ironical title of "A Good Time"? Some pretty songs of Miss Kitty Loftus and the knockabout horseplay of two provincial comedians were its characteristics. One wonders that Mr. Sims care to have his name associated with such grotesque imbecility.

"GREAT CÆSAR," AT THE COMEDY.

So amateurish a burlesque as the "Great Cæsar" of Messrs. Grossmith and Rubens was not worth spending money and talent over; but as the tedious and absurdly lengthy joke was thought worthy of staging it must be cut and cut again. That was not a bad idea to make Brutus and his friends stab a mummy in mistake for Cæsar, and sing a part-song dirge over his supposed corpse, or to show Antony while Julius lives reading to the angry populace a will in his own favour, which occasions his condemnation to the circus lions. The first act, indeed, of this travesty, appreciably shortened, might pass muster, but the rest of the entertainment is wearisome and fatuous fooling. Nothing remains but vulgar slang, Cockney humour, and stale topical allusions eked out by isolated songs, ungraceful acrobatic dancing and variety "turns." Even the interpretation needs working up. Mr. Edouin has too little scope for his uncouth humour as Cæsar, and Mr. Grossmith, jun., is not equal as yet to so big a part as Antony. That arch little comedienne, Miss Ada Reeve, cannot but please in a pretty coon ditty and dance, and she sings several risky chansonettes brightly, but it is a pity to see her copying the methods of Miss Marie Lloyd. And Miss Decima Moore can do more than render a couple of tasteful ballads. Indeed, "Great Cæsar" will have to be almost transformed before it can become really amusing. F. G. B.

MARRIAGE.

A marriage will shortly take place between Gerard Joseph, younger son of Mr. Riddell, of Hermon Hall, North Notts, and Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Herbert Cam Seymour, of Tyntesfield, Blenheim, and Cam House, Picton, New Zealand.

DORE'S "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM,"
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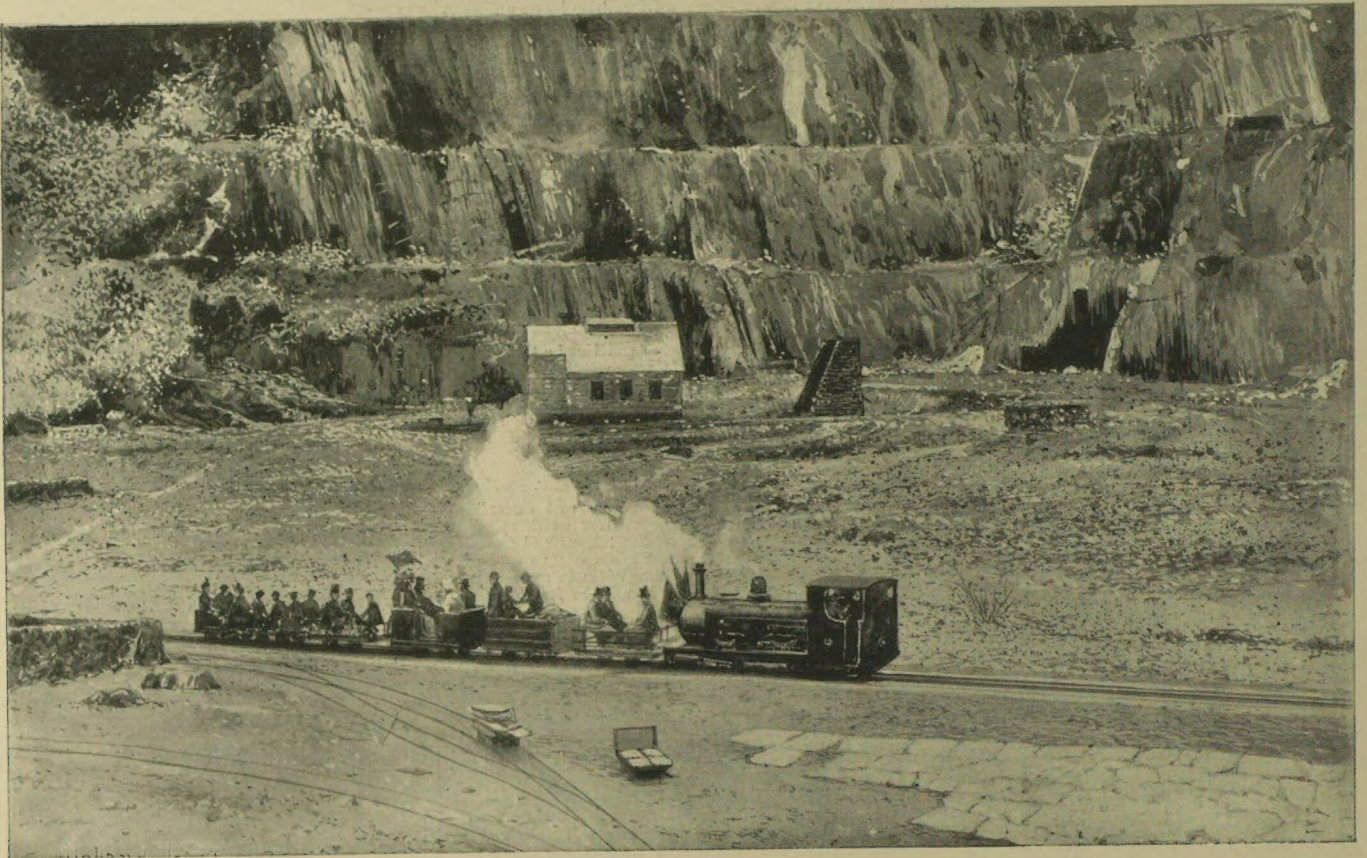
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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE DINORWIC SLATE QUARRIES, CARNARVONSHIRE.

From Photographs by G. H. Jones, Port Dinorwic.



THE ROYAL PARTY PASSING THROUGH A SECTION OF THE QUARRY.



DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL VISITORS BY MR. ASSHETON SMITH'S PRIVATE RAILWAY TO PORT DINORWIC.

THE QUEEN AT NICE.

Her Majesty our Queen, who has now come home from the Riviera, leaving behind her, as she usually does, the pleasing recollection of many gracious and kindly doings among the people of Southern France, her temporary neighbours, did something for the town of Nice on Thursday, April 27, by opening a bridge that has been constructed over the stream called Le Paillon, in the upper part of that hospitable and agreeable town. M. Sauvan, the Maire of Nice, with other members of the Municipality, and M. Grassi, representing the Préfet of Les Alpes Maritimes, also the British Consul, Sir James Harris, and a good party of French officials or notables, with many ladies, were, of course, present to receive her Majesty, who came in an open carriage, accompanied by her daughters, Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, a second carriage bringing two of the younger members of our royal family. A very brief address of thanks spoken by the Maire, with the offering of a beautiful bouquet, and the Queen's gracious reply, preceded the symbolic act of opening the new bridge, which was performed simply by driving the carriage on so as to break a ribbon stretched across the roadway. It was a very gay and lively scene: the bridge, the river-banks, and the neighbouring houses were decorated with flags and flowers. In the course of the morning the Maire of Nice called at the Hôtel Regina, when Sir A. J. Bigge, on behalf of her Majesty, handed him a sum of £120 for the poor of the town. At the same time the Maire was presented with a silver smoking set, and his secretary with a tortoiseshell and silver inkstand.



Photo. Poole and Co., Waterford.

THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

THE LATE
DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

By the death of the Duke of Beaufort on April 30 a great figure has been removed from contemporary English life. For more than fifty years he had been a prominent member of the aristocracy. From 1846 till 1853 he sat in the House of Commons as member for East Gloucestershire. In the latter year he succeeded his father, the seventh Duke, in the title. He was Master of the Horse in the two Administrations of Lord Derby, a Knight of the Garter, and Hereditary Keeper of Raglan Castle, but his chief interests lay with sport rather than with politics. He hunted the Badminton for upwards of forty years, until 1895, when he made over the family residence and the famous pack to his heir, the Marquis of Worcester, who has since maintained them on the same famous scale as his father. The Duke was also a well-known figure on the Turf, winning in the course of his career the Oaks, the Alexandra Plate, the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, the Grand Prix de Paris, the Two Thousand Guineas twice, the One Thousand Guineas three times, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot four times. It was never his good fortune, however, to win a Derby or a St. Leger. As a whip the Duke was considered one of the ablest four-in-hand drivers in England, while he was a crack shot and a splendid fisherman. His reputation as an all-round sportsman led to his selection as editor of the Badminton Library, to which he himself contributed the volume on "Driving." The landed property of the late Duke amounted to about 52,000 acres.

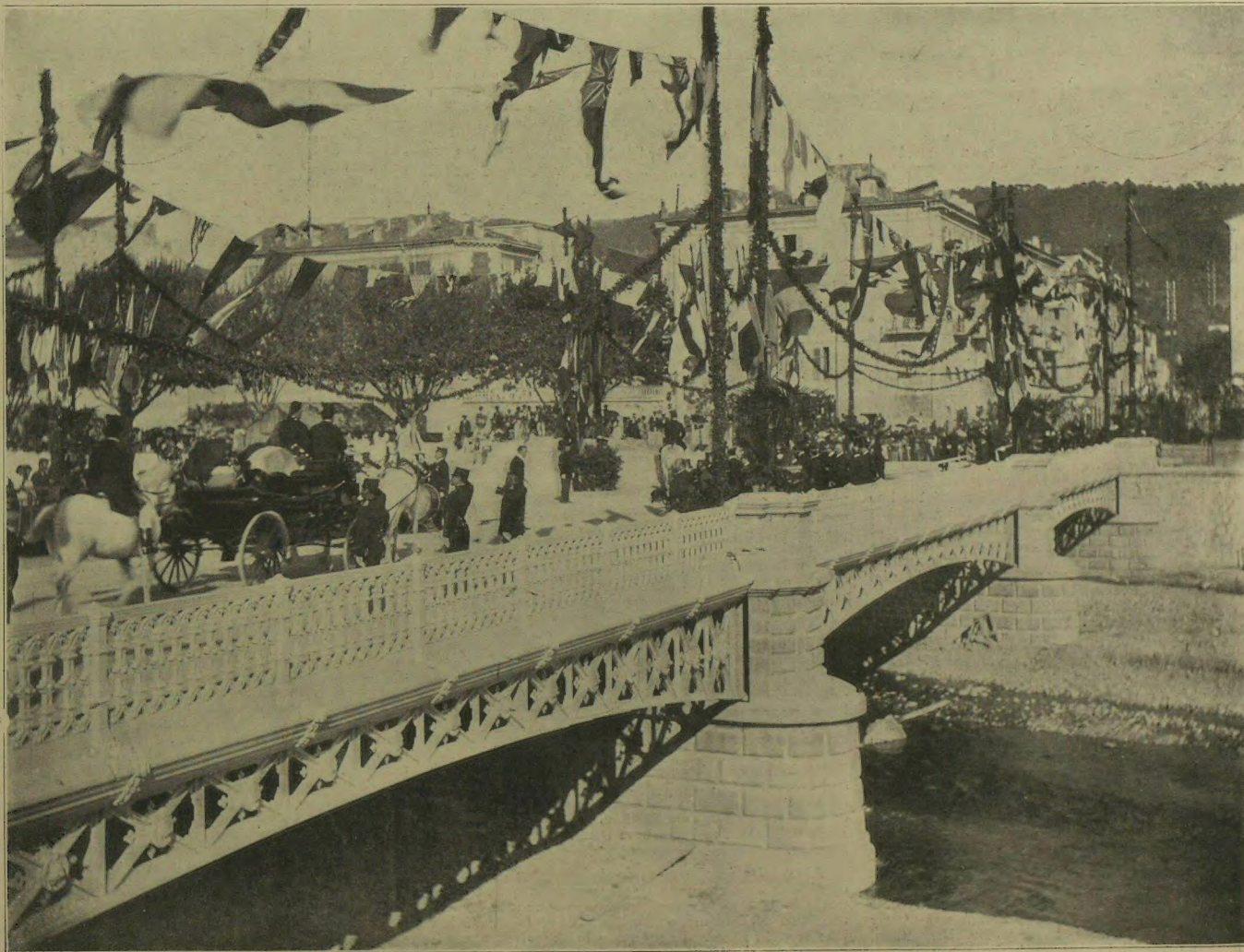


Photo. Grimaldi, Nice.

THE QUEEN AT NICE: HER MAJESTY OPENING THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE PAILLON, ON APRIL 27.

PERSONAL.

Lord Selborne has denied that he said anything in a recent speech foreshadowing an early dissolution of Parliament. The present House of Commons is in its fourth year, but there appears no reason why it should be dissolved for the next two years. Parliaments begin to totter when they are enfeebled old dotards of five, like the baby in Mr. Gilbert's ballad, but at four they are still pretty vigorous. Besides, the Government can have no desire to consult the constituencies on any question—not even on the position of Sir John Gorst.

President McKinley has given a personal certificate of character to the indiscreet Captain Coghlan, who told after-dinner tales about the conduct of the German Admiral at Manila. There has been a nice derangement of diplomatic etiquette in this business, but the Germans do not seem to mind. Perhaps they are amused by the originality of a people who have not quite made up their minds whether Admiral Dewey is a hero or not. At Boston the Mayor refused to allow bells to be rung and flags hoisted to celebrate "Dewey's Day"—the first anniversary of the victory at Manila.

The late Duke of Beaufort was a zealous patron of the lighter forms of the drama. He was also the means of bringing the harmless game of "Aunt Sally" into popular note. Playing this game on a racecourse, he was interrupted by a tailor on horseback, who persisted in standing in front of the cocoa-nuts. Pulled off his horse, the tailor brought an action for assault, and the action made "Aunt Sally" and the Duke of Beaufort famous.

The Kaiser is reported to have written a play, and the German dramatic critics are wondering whether they will be locked up for *lèse-majesté* if they do not admire it. On the whole, it may be taken for granted that the dramatist in this case is secure of favourable notices. But he had better not send his piece on a foreign tour. There might be too much candour about it in London, for instance, and the Foreign Office, for the first time in its history, would read the dramatic notices with eagerness and anxiety.

By the death of the Hon. Power Henry Le-Poer-Trench, English diplomacy has lost one of its ablest servants in the East. He was the fourth son of the third Earl of Clancarty, and was born in 1841. He joined the diplomatic service in 1859, entered on his career at Constantinople, and after a period at Berlin and Florence, proceeded to Tokyo, where he remained for seven years as Secretary of Legation, frequently acting as Chargé d'Affaires. He was then transferred to Washington, and in 1893 was promoted to be

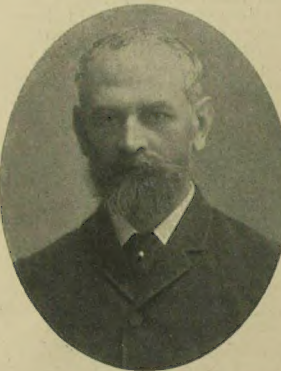


Photo. Suzuki, Japan.
THE LATE HON. P. H. LE-POER-TRENCH.

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Mexico. In the following year he was sent to Tokyo, and continued to represent the British Government in the Japanese capital until 1896, when he retired on a pension. Mr. Le-Poer-Trench died at his residence, Albion Street, Hyde Park, after a long illness.

Mr. William Wither Bramston Beach succeeds Sir John Mowbray as "Father of the House of Commons." He has sat for the North-West Division of Hampshire since 1857. Mr. Beach is a cousin of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at seventy-five years of age is still the typical English country gentleman. He has seen the rise and fall of fourteen Ministries, and still has a very high opinion of the House.

The Warden of All Souls, Sir William Anson, is the Unionist candidate for Oxford University. The difference between his politics and those of his predecessor, Sir John Mowbray, is that he is a Liberal-Unionist and the late member was a Conservative. This fact has prompted a certain section of the Oxford Conservatives to demand that Sir William Anson shall withdraw in favour of a true blue Tory. On the other hand, the Liberal party in the University seem disposed to support Sir William Anson purely on the ground of his great personal distinction.

The Dreyfus affair continues to be rich in surprises. General de Gallifet has made a public appeal for a coat of whitewash for the General Staff. He is not an anti-Dreyfusard, and he has completely vindicated Picquart; but he thinks that by-gones should be by-gones, like the old lady who objected to history books. Enough people have been ruined. Why hunt down any more? Evidently this letter is designed to bring about a compromise. Let Dreyfus be set at liberty on condition that the forgers of the War Office shall not be punished. M. Dupuy is said to favour this solution. It commends itself to General de Gallifet as a shield for "the honour of the army" against people who demand the chastisement of rogues. The General's heart is in the right place, but his logic is eccentric.

Colonel du Paty de Clam has his back against the wall. He has given fresh evidence to the Court, including a wondrous explanation why the War Office protected Esterhazy. It was to avert a war with Germany, for which, according to General Gonse, France was utterly unprepared. This is nice reading for Frenchmen, who have no reason to believe that France is any better prepared now. But what has this to do with Esterhazy? We know all about that gentleman, and yet Germany remains pacific. Apparently Gonse and the rest of the crew on whom unlucky France depends for her

safety and honour fell into a state of imbecile terror. Du Paty says that Henry's forgery was committed on behalf of General Mercier, and that when the forger denounced the "scoundrels" who had deserted him, he meant his virtuous superiors. And yet, according to General de Gallifet, they are all honourable men!

Colonel H. A. Macdonald, who is to-night (May 6) to be presented by Highlanders in London with a sword of honour at the Hotel Cecil, will be remembered for



Photo. Munro, Dingwall.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. A. MACDONALD.

his mastery manœuvring of the brigade under his command at the Battle of Omdurman. The gallant Colonel, who holds the rank of Brigadier-General in the Egyptian Army, is forty-seven years of age, and is a native of Ross-shire. He served through the last Afghan War with great distinction, and was subsequently promoted from the ranks to second Lieutenant. He served also in South Africa in 1881, and in the Sudan from 1885. Well-deserved honours have crowded thick upon him, and to-night's ceremony inaugurates a series of banquets in his honour. He holds the D.S.O., and is a C.B.

It is not given to many to distinguish themselves in the House of Commons at an age so early as that of Master Dillon. The precocious young gentleman's biographers will remember that he was heard calling out in the Ladies' Gallery, "I want to make a speech!"—an ambition worthy the son of an eloquent Irishman. He hailed with glee his father's friends whom he recognised on the floor of the House below—"I know that gentleman; that's Mr. Sullivan!" he was heard to cry out in delight. Though the House roared, the Speaker took the matter very gravely, and sent his secretary to turn out the young disturber, who is said to have retired with a spirit worthy of his father in the old days. But, like other Parliamentary celebrities, Master Dillon has his prototype. The Hon. George Leslie tells that when Lord John Russell was Prime Minister, an infant wail was heard one evening from the Ladies' Grille. The House looked up—and, "Oh, mammy dear, there's papa!" cried the delighted babe, recognising the face of its father. The Speaker (Mr. Shaw-Lefevre) sent for the Serjeant-at-Arms (Lord Charles Russell). Unluckily, both of them were somewhat deaf, and what they supposed to be whispers were plainly heard through the House. When the Serjeant asked if he should inquire the name of the child's father, Mr. Bernal Osborne jumped up and said—"A wise child knows its own father—it's Lord John Russell's baby!" The House yelled with delight, but, unluckily for the joke, Mr. Osborne proved to be mistaken.

Mr. Arnold Morley's name has been absent from the public eye for a long period. It now reappears in the announcement that he has received a Master's Certificate in Navigation. This does not mean that Mr. Morley has gone into the merchant service, but that as a yacht-owner he has qualified himself for sailing the high seas without endangering the public safety.

Nineteen months after the event, the War Office has recognised the gallant conduct of five men of the Buffs at the village of Bilot, on the North-West Frontier of India. Corporal James Smith receives the Victoria Cross. On the night of Sept. 16, 1897, Smith and twelve comrades were despatched, during the retirement of the Buffs, to escort a dhooly which had fallen to the rear, and which was said to contain the body of Lieutenant Langford, of the Artillery. The party was subsequently detached as escort to two sections of guns. In the dark they got separated from the rest of the force and were sorely pressed all night, but by their gallantry they held the guns and saved General Jeffreys and the whole detached party from annihilation. Two of the thirteen Buffs were killed and five were wounded, Corporal Smith severely.

Absurdities in the method of bestowing on women equal rights with men are by no means infrequent, but it would be difficult to discover a position more fraught with the ridiculous than that which the State of Louisiana has just brought about. In deference to the advance which women are constantly making on the other side of the Atlantic—an advance started by the State of Wyoming a good many years ago—the Constitutional Convention recently gave to women who pay taxes the right to vote equally with men on all questions which are submitted to

taxpayers. Fearful, perhaps, that some women might be too modest to go to the polls, or that they might through the claims of household duties be unable to absent themselves from the watching of ovens, the darning of the household socks, or even, perchance, from the onerous claims of social life, it added a clause that any woman who did not wish to go to the polls might give a proxy to someone else to vote for her. This proxy, to be valid, must be signed by two competent witnesses, and it is in this question of competency that the greatest absurdity arises.

The first election under this new law is about to take place in New Orleans, to decide on a question of a tax levy for sewerage and drainage, and the assessors' books show that there are some 10,000 women taxpayers in the city. Although competent to vote—and indeed the exercise of their privilege is being urged upon them by the Mayor, the City Council, and other dignitaries—they have discovered that they are not "competent witnesses" to a legal document, and therefore no woman's name can appear as a witness to another woman's proxy. This anomaly is due to the fact that the laws of Louisiana are based on those of France, and the old ruling prevails. It is, of course, highly probable that the abrogation of the old law will follow before long, and the anomalous position be removed. Meanwhile, everybody is on the *qui vive* to see whether the women will avail themselves of the proxy clause, a strong belief having been expressed that the women, being competent and having the right to vote at the polls, will use their rights without shrinking from appearing in public.

The beautiful American girl has aspired to the driving seat of the four-in-hand, and may be seen any morning in Central Park, New York, taking lessons in the art of handling a team. The earlier lessons are taken in the driving schools, the pupils being finished on the road. A body-brake is used for instruction, the "coach" of coaching sitting on the box-seat beside the fair Jehu. Of course there is the inevitable chaperon; and the horses, one notices with relief, are "sober and quiet nags."

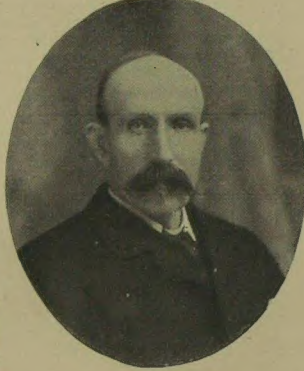
Mr. Robert Gillespie Reid has been called the Czar of Newfoundland, and not without cause, for he is building at his own expense a railway right across the island, and opening up the resources of his adopted home in a way that will make Newfoundland one of the most prosperous communities. Mr. Reid is a Scot, and started life as a working stone-mason. He went out as a young man to the great West, and to-day he is the biggest landowner in the world, for the Newfoundland Government have given him two and a half million acres on condition that he makes the railway and operates it for ten years.

Who would be a Dutch Foreign Secretary? A great deal of thankless labour has been thrust upon M. Beaufort, who is responsible for the invitation sent by the Dutch Government for the Peace Conference. Public opinion in Holland demands that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State should be invited to send delegates. Fervent Roman Catholics rebuke M. Beaufort for not inviting the Pope. Now, it is quite certain that none of the Great Powers has the slightest desire to recognise the right of the Boer Republic to an opinion on disarmament or any other question. Italy objects to the recognition of the Pope as a temporal Sovereign. In Holland people say that if Mr. Kruger is not to be represented, they will treat the Conference with the coolest civility. The idea that this or any other attitude on the part of the Dutch is of no material consequence does not occur to them.

The old-time visitors to New York will miss Delmonico's. Mr. Charles Delmonico has closed his doors. There seems to have been a farewell feast, which must have had a melancholy savour for every guest. Mr. Delmonico feels that the tide of fashion has left him high and dry. It has gone further "up town," as they say in New York. To the last Delmonico's retained its reputation. There was no better restaurant in either hemisphere.

City men passing through Kensington Gardens on a fine morning last week were startled to hear the unmistakably Scotch injunction, "Awa wide, dour! fer awa wide!" For a moment they might have fancied themselves in the Highlands, listening to a herd crying to his dog to gather in the sheep. What could it mean? Only that a bit of the pastoral life of Forfarshire had been transferred all the way to Kensington Gardens, with the roar of London humming in the distance. The sheep now nibbling the springing green grass in the Gardens come from Dundee; they have a genuine Scotch shepherd with them—and "dog according," as Artemus Ward says. And so, when the children going to the Round Pond with their toy yachts have disturbed the woolly nibblers and sent them scampering, you will hear the warning cry, "Wide, laddie; fer awa wide!"

The Socialists who paraded in Hyde Park on May Day seem to have given up all idea of persuading the present forward generation, and are trusting in the next. A number of children marched under banners inscribed: "Socialism is our only hope." It is an eminently childish idea. But those children will grow up and put away childish things.



MR. ROBERT G. REID.



Photo. Tottenham, India.
CORPORAL J. SMITH, V.C.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROYAL VISIT TO LLANBERIS.

The sojourn of the Duke and Duchess of York in North Wales—chiefly in the romantic shire of Carnarvon—on their return across the sea from Dublin to Holyhead, was favoured with better weather than most of their days in Ireland. Accompanied by their host and hostess, Lord and Lady Carrington, on Thursday last week, and attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel, they drove from Gwydyr Castle, some twenty miles, by the route of Bettws-y-Coed, beloved of landscape-painters, to the Pass of Llanberis, which lies, with its solemn lake, amidst the clustered mountains and sheer-cut cliffs of the Snowdon group, not, indeed, in primeval solitude and silence, but converted into a grand scene of human industry at Mr. Assheton Smith's Dinorwic slate-quarries, yet not the less really interesting and picturesque. Their Royal Highnesses were met here by the Hon. W. W. Vivian, the manager, with hundreds of Welshmen, women, and children, whose livelihood is earned by this important work, and who enjoyed a half-holiday to see the gay and animated spectacle of a visit so highly honoured. Flags were hung along the roads approaching to the quarries, and a small marquee had been erected, in which the Duke and Duchess

file, with eleven non-commissioned officers, under the command of Captain Cox and Lieutenants Rundle and Osborne. They met at Fenchurch Street Station Colonel Ward, C.B., with Captain McNeill, appointed to receive them, and marched through the streets of London, by Cheapside, St. Paul's, and Ludgate Hill, to Waterloo Station, whence they were conveyed to Aldershot. Large numbers of spectators greeted them with hearty applause. They have not brought their horses to England, but will have the use of those left by the 15th Hussars, who are to be sent abroad. For the course of training they are attached to the 6th Dragoon Guards, under command of Colonel Porter, but their quarters in the Badajos Barracks are shared with the Devonshire Infantry Regiment. General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., commanding the Aldershot Military Division, was present, with Lady Buller and his staff, at their arrival in the camp, shook hands with the officers very heartily, and expressed his approval of the looks and bearing of the men, who are indeed a good sample of colonial material for soldiery; and of that, to be sure, the General is an excellent judge.

A TARS' FAREWELL.

Commander W. C. Pakenham, of her Majesty's guard-ship *Venus* at Villefranche, on leaving the vessel to return to

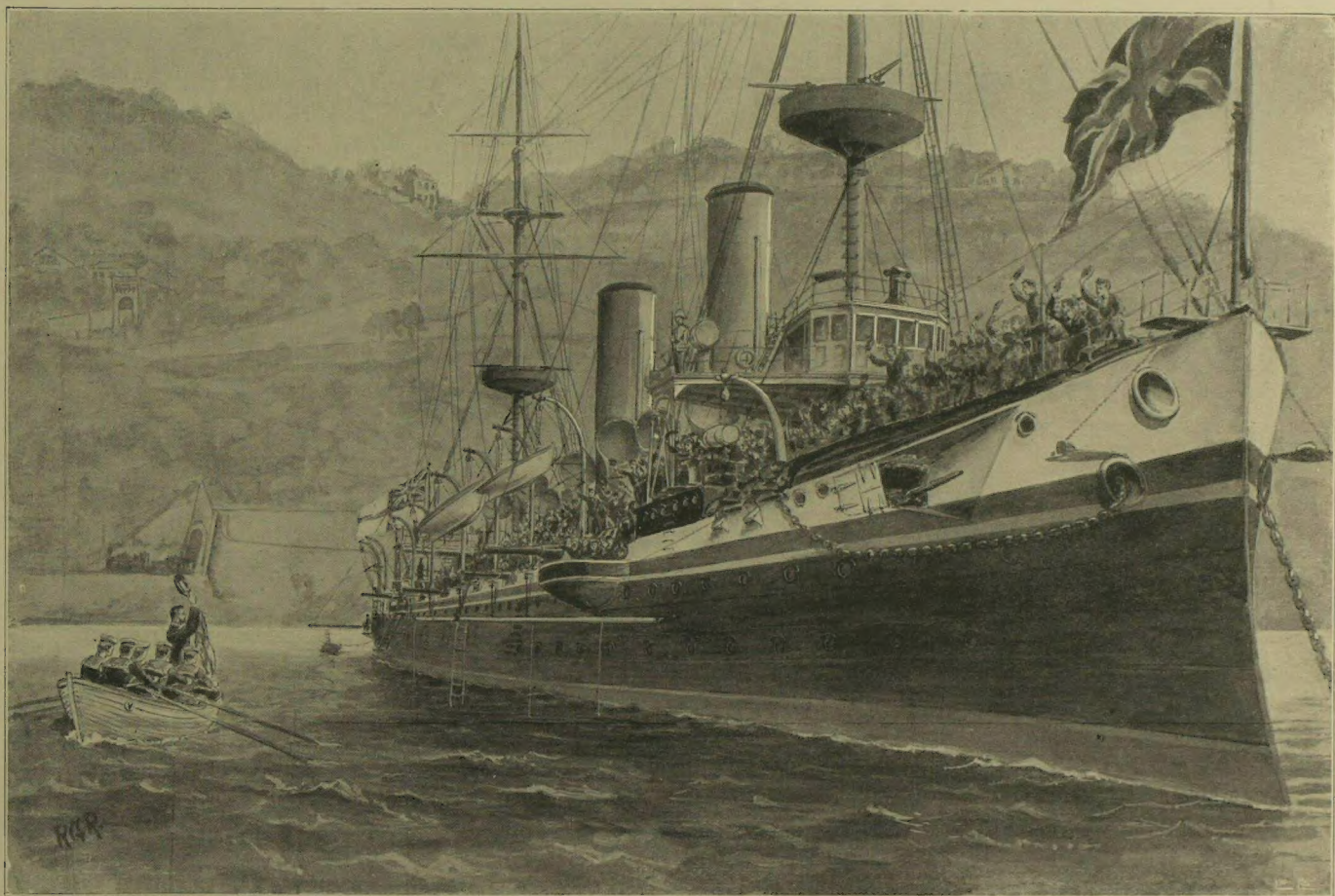
plain-coloured livery for the dreary winter season. If we were asked to select one animal as being typically and characteristically Indian, our choice would fall unhesitatingly on the chital, or, as it is often called, axis deer. For not only is this animal one of the comparatively few species absolutely confined to India and Ceylon, but, if we except the open plains and deserts of the Punjab and Sind, it is to be met with in almost all parts and all situations of both countries. Scarcely any Indian landscape is, indeed, complete without its herd of chital and its flock of peacocks; and the beauty of these graceful deer when once seen in their native haunts will ever remain in the memory of the spectator.

In spite of their tropical or sub-tropical habitat, chital, if adequate protection and food be supplied to them in winter, thrive marvellously well in England; and one of the most thriving of the numerous species of deer kept by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey is the herd of chital.

R. LYDEKKER.

THE COOLGARDIE EXHIBITION.

Coolgardie opened its Industrial Exhibition on March 21, when the Governor of Western Australia, Sir Gerard Smith, and the Premier, Sir John Forrest, attended the inaugural ceremony. They drove, accompanied by the



JACK'S FAREWELL TO A POPULAR OFFICER: COMMANDER PAKENHAM LEAVING THE QUEEN'S GUARD-SHIP "VENUS," AT VILLEFRANCHE, FOR ENGLAND.

Drawn by Private Ryley, R.M., of H.M.S. "Venus."

on alighting from the carriage, with Lord and Lady Carrington and the gentlemen in company, partook of luncheon; after this, entering a pretty miniature railway-train, the engine of which was adorned with foliage and flowers, they were conveyed up the ascending terrace railroads, to inspect tier above tier of working galleries cut in the almost perpendicular face of the slate-cliff, to see how the Welsh quarries are worked. The Duchess of York, with a chisel in her hand, took a lesson in splitting the slabs of slate; and by pressing a button, connected with electric apparatus at another place, caused the firing of a regular cannonade of blasting "shots," as miners call them, which emitted puffs of white smoke from the orifices in the mountain-side, like great guns in the batteries of a lofty fortress. Descending safely to lower ground, with the train steadiied by a wire rope, their Royal Highnesses travelled to Port Dinorwic, and returned by the railway to Gwydyr Castle about six o'clock. Next day they visited Conway Castle, on their way to London.

AUSTRALIAN LANCERS IN LONDON.

The arrival in England last week of the detachment of the New South Wales Lancers, a regiment of Australian Volunteer cavalry, come for six months' instruction at the Aldershot camp, excited much gratification. We recently gave some illustrations of their departure from Parramatta, near Sydney, early in March. Their vessel, the steam-ship *Nineveh*, entered the Royal Albert Dock on April 26. Next day they landed, mustering ninety-two rank and

England, received an enthusiastic send-off from the ship's company, with whom he was deservedly popular. The men assembled on the upper deck, and gave their departing Commander three hearty cheers as he went over the side. They then sang "Auld Lang Syne," and continued cheering until the Commander was out of ear-shot. The Captain waved his farewells from the boat.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

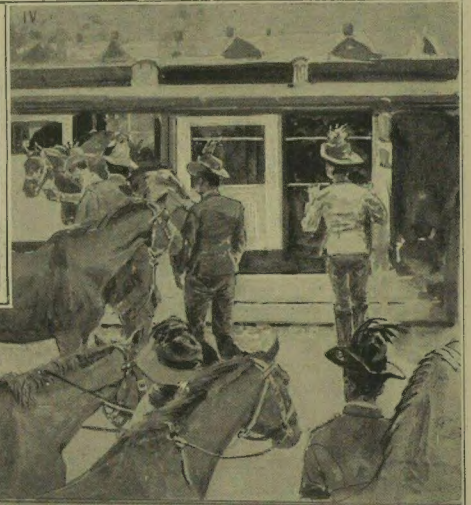
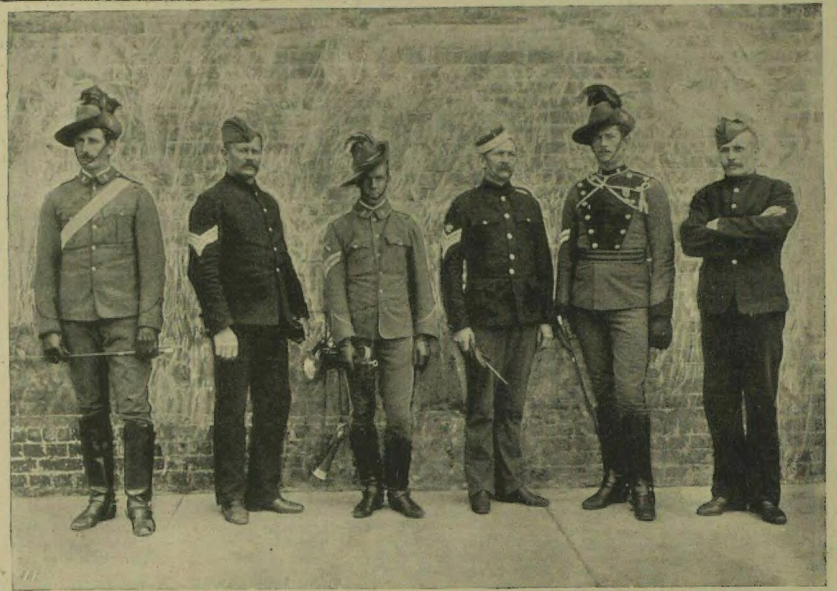
XIX.—CHITAL, OR INDIAN SPOTTED DEER.

To those non-conversant with deer-lore, the beautifully spotted hind forming the subject of our Illustration might well be mistaken for a fallow-deer hind in the summer coat. If, however, the male chital were shown, the difference between the two species would be apparent at a glance, provided it were the season when the antlers are carried by that sex. Instead of the broadly palmated antlers of the fallow buck, the cranial appendages of the male chital are cylindrical, and furnished with only three times each. But a more minute inspection will reveal differences between the coloration of the chital and fallow hinds, affording ample grounds of discrimination. The spots, for instance, in the former are larger and more distinct, while the ground-colour is of a richer chestnut; and the white rump-patch, which forms such a distinctive feature of the spotted deer of our parks, is wanting in its cousin of the Indian jungles. Then, again, the chital retains its dappled coat throughout the year, whereas the fallow-deer dons a sober,

Captain of H.M.S. *Mohawk*, and escorted by a guard of mounted police, to the Exhibition ground. Our Illustrations depict some noteworthy incidents of the event. The Great Arch in Bayley Street has a peculiar interest, for green-stuff is so scarce in dusty Coolgardie that this decoration alone cost £25. The arch is covered with branches of the gum-tree. The stone portion of the Exhibition will afterwards be used as a School of Mines. Coolgardie is a remarkable example of the rapid growth of our colonial towns. The gold-field was discovered only in 1891, and did not become famous until four years ago. Coolgardie is in the east of the Yilgarn district, and is distant from Perth, the capital of the colony of Western Australia, about 315 miles, or 356 miles by road or rail. It lies E.N.E. of Perth.

SCENES IN CHINA.

Our Chinese Illustrations have reference to the recent troubles in the Yangtse Valley, when Chung-King was attacked by the rebels. One of our Illustrations gives a general view of the Ho-Chow, a typical riverside town about sixty miles distant from Chung-King. Our other picture shows the peculiar house-boats so characteristic of Chinese rivers. During the disturbances, when the rebels were threatening to attack Chung-King, the British residents found these boats a handy place of refuge. Our picture shows them housed in these temporary quarters. Advice from Hong Kong announces that the four rebels concerned in the recent rising were brought before the magistrate on May 2.



1. A Group of Officers: Captain Cox, commanding N.S.W. Lancers, in chair; Lieutenant Osborne, on stonework; Lieutenant Rundle, standing; Colonel Porter, 6th Dragoon Guards, in dark uniform.

2. Types of the N.S.W. Lancers: Proceeding from Left to Right of the Picture—Drill Order, Fatigue Dress, Trumpeter, Undress, Review Order Queen's Body-guard, Fatigue Dress.

3. The Pet Kangaroo and Emu of the Corps.
4. Detraining Horses at Aldershot
5. Farewell to New South Wales: Departure of the "Nineveh."

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA: NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS AT ALDERSHOT.

Photographs by Knight, Aldershot.

JOHN JAMES ^{AND} JOHN THOMASBY
S. Baring-Gould

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

enjoined on the Captain and fellow-sponsor: "Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him so soon as he can say the Creed, etc., in the vulgar tongue."

"This is all very well," said Captain Jose, "but it was a bit of wot I call vulgar impudence on the part of the pass'n to say that John James should be eddicated to talk

vulgar, because his father is a farmer and his uncle a mining cap'n; as if I have not got the money to get him brought up, if I choose, to talk like a gentleman."

Years passed. Captain Jose had no children of his own; he took a great deal of notice of his godson, and it was an understood thing that he would constitute John James Jose, junior, his heir. He was somewhat meddlesome in the period of rearing the babe, having his own theories as to how much it should be allowed to imbibe, and what amount of clothing it was to wear. At a later period, he was stubborn in his determination to precipitate it into trousers at a time when most little boys wear frocks. But the Captain was peremptory and threatening. "You may please yourselves," he would say. "But if you expect anything from me, you will attend to my wishes. I enforce nothing. Please your own selves."

And consequently he had his own way.

John Thomas was some ten years the senior, and took a lively interest in John James. When the latter was sufficiently old to run about, John Thomas was delighted to take him under his charge. The cousins became inseparable. Not that they were really cousins, as there was no blood relationship, but as John Thomas's mother was Captain Jose's wife, the two children came to regard each other in the light of first cousins. They went to school together, and John Thomas protected the little fellow against his seniors and would-be bullies.

Curiously enough, John James exercised a somewhat imperious rule over the elder boy. Possibly it was his being younger, more delicate in frame, that explained this. The elder yielded to the weakness of the other, and good-humouredly submitted to his domineering will.

They rarely quarrelled. When they did, both were miserable till they had patched up a friendship again.

One day Captain Jose came over to the farm. The distance apart was not a mile, but it gave him too much pain to walk, so he rode on his old white cob.

To get him dismounted was a process that required assistance. Abel flew to the door, took hold of the disabled leg and heaved it over the neck of the grey, and then the Captain slipped down on his pins.

"I have come over," said he, "touching John James."

"Yes, brother. What about him?"

"He does not please me. He is now ten, and is a Molly. He prefers to be with the girls to having the society of the boys, and I take it, although that may be right enough when he is twenty or twenty-one, yet for a child of ten it is reprehensible. Then, he plays with them. I saw three Dukes a riding by, and 'Ring-a-ring of Roses,' and Kiss in the Ring. These are mere girls' games, and not proper for a boy. I should like to see him kick a football about, and play at leap-frog; something manly. Of course, you can please yourself—but if I am of any consideration you will break him of these womanish ways, and insist on his being like other boys—even as my wife's John Thomas. You won't see him playing 'Round about the Mulberry Bush.' And when has John James ever had a black eye from fighting? He lets John Thomas fight his battles for him."

"I am very sorry," said Abel modestly. "I will speak to him about it."

to do so. But some persons are dense. You can please yourself."

The nurse looked in at the door.

"Would you mind coming upstairs, master?"

"Certainly,"

answered Abel

with alacrity, and springing from his chair he made for the door, passed out after the nurse, and followed her to the chamber overhead.

She held up her finger to warn him not to make a noise with his nailed boots, or by speaking loudly.

"Sir, I am happy to say, the missus—she has made you the father of a beautiful and healthy—"

"Boy," said Abel.

"Please, Sir?"

"Boy," repeated Abel.

"It's a—"

"Boy," said Abel for the third time. "And John James is his name."

"Sir—you are—"

"I am the father. I can please myself; my brother said so. It is a boy—and John James is or shall be his name."

"My dear," the wife lifted her head from the pillow. "Do be reasonable, Abel."

"My dear, it is because I am reasonable that I say so." Then stooping over his wife, as he kissed her he whispered—"It is a matter of some thousands of pounds."

Then he stood upright and said to the nurse, "Mrs. Penwarne, be so good as to go down stairs to Captain Jose, he is waiting below, and tell him, with my compliments, it's a boy and John James he shall be called."

"Sir—I really—Sir! excuse me—I couldn't."

Abel pressed something into her palm. Mrs. Penwarne looked at the colour of what was put into her hand before she replied. The colour not being white or brown, she answered, "I'll do my best to oblige you, master," and descended.

Mr. Abel Jose and his wife carried on a whispered communication, which was interrupted by the return of the nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Penwarne?"

"Please, Sir, I told the Captain as how you presented your respects and said as you thought it was a boy and would be called John James."

"Thought it a boy! It is a boy; and the Captain shall stand godfather."

And so it was.

A fortnight later the child was taken to church and was there baptised.

"Name this child."

"John James," responded the Captain.

And John James it was baptised; and the parson

"HOW do, Abel?"

"Middlin', thank'; and you, Captain?"

"Middlin'; and the missus?"

"Gettin' forrader nicely."

"Nothin' yet?"

"No—expected hourly."

"Wot's the name to be?"

"If it's a boy—"

"It must be a boy. I haven't got one, you are the last of the Joses, and the name will be extinguished. A boy it must and shall be, and called John James."

"I had rather thought Abel—after myself."

"You may please yourself; but if you wish me to consider him, and to push his fortunes, you'll call him John James—after me."

Captain Jose had been in mines all his life, and had made money. He had been crippled for a good many years, owing to the breaking of a chain which had precipitated him to the bottom of a shaft. A compound fracture of the ankle and a bad setting had left him lame. He rode about on a shaggy white cob.

Late in life Captain Jose had married a widow with a son, John Thomas Trewen. Mrs. Jose had a bad time of it with the Captain; he was peppery, and captious. He sneered at the boy—"John Thomas indeed! It is the name of a footman. You will never make anything out of the chap, weighted with such a name. Had he been John James, it would have been different."

And now he had ridden over to the small farm of his younger brother, Abel Jose, who was in expectation of becoming a father.

Captain Jose was held in great respect and not a little awe by Abel, for Jose the elder was known to be well off, and Jose the younger was but a struggling man, encumbered with a mortgage on his little farm, of which he was the proprietor through his wife.

"But," said Abel timidly. "By way of argument, if it was a maid."

"You can please yourself," answered the Captain sententiously. "If you will run against my wishes and your own interest, there is none to blame but yourself. If the result be a girl—I wash my hands of you and yours altogether. I daresay I shall find a Jose somewhere else, and one more compliant, and a John James. For and because," said the Captain emphatically, "my money after I am gone shall pass to a John James and to no other. I hope I have made myself comprehensible. I try

"Oh!" said the Captain, "speaking ain't no good. You must spank him. You coddle him, and make a milk-sop of him. You should spank him every day till he comes back from school with a black eye. It is the only way to harden him and make a man of him."

"I will do my best, brother. It is beautiful to see how fond John James and John Thomas are of each other."

"I don't like it. John James is for ever getting my wife's boy into scrapes. He wanted some apples the other day. He was not man enough to steal them himself, but sent John Thomas into Farmer Jago's orchard after them, and Jago caught him and gave him a hiding. He bore it, but it left him blue and yellow; and that sneak John James went scot free, and stood quaking and crying like a girl on the further side of the hedge. Why did he not come across like a man and tell Jago that he was to blame, he had sent John Thomas? Then they have started cricket, and you never saw anything more ridiculous than his catching a ball and bowling. It is like a girl—not a man. I really am ashamed that he should be a Jose. You can please yourself; but if I were you, and had expectations, I should teach him to bowl roundhanded."

A few more years passed. School-days were over, and John Thomas was put into a mine, and was earning enough to support himself. John James did not now see so much of his cousin as before; indeed, they met only on Sundays; but not a Sunday passed without their being together.

"It is getting time," said the Captain, "for your boy, wife, to be running after the girls. I was at his age; but, instead, he is for ever with John James."

"It will come in good time," answered Mrs. Jose.

"Oh! he can please himself," said the Captain. "He has nothing to expect from me, and so need not consider my opinion or my feelings."

"My dear, do not be unreasonable. You cannot force the current of a river."

"Help me on to the cob," said the irascible Captain. "I wish to have a word with Abel. This is really becoming intolerable. I have been told that John James has hemmed his own pocket-handkerchiefs."

So Mrs. Jose took the stiff leg in both her hands and passed it over the neck of the cob, and got her husband seated comfortably in his saddle.

Captain Jose rode to the farm, where Abel was ready to take his leg, turn it over the neck in the reverse way, and so enable his brother to descend to the ground.

Mrs. Abel Jose was in the room when the Captain hobbled in.

"You need not take the grey round," said he; "just throw the bridle down and he will stand as if meditating on the run of a lode. I shall not stay long, but I wish to have a serious talk with you and your wife."

"We are always pleased to see you, Captain."

"You may please yourselves with that. I come on business, and that concerning your boy. What are you going to do with him? He is as great a milk-sop now as he ever was. And, actually, I have been informed that he has hemmed his own pocket-handkerchiefs, and that his mother gave them to him to do."

"I did not think there was any harm," protested the good woman.

"You may please yourself," said the Captain testily. "But how is he to grow up manly if he be set to do women's tasks? If it were done to annoy me—"

"Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"An end must be put to this. We must make a man of him. I did not have a wink of sleep thinking of it. And I have decided that he shall enlist and become a soldier. That will make a man of him if anything will."

"Really, brother," said Abel, with a faltering voice, "I require his services on the farm. If I do not keep him at home, I shall have to engage a man; and times are so bad, and I have met with so many disappointments, that—"

"Oh! you may please yourself. But either you send him into the army or I wash my hands of him. I will

trouble you to take my leg and put me up in the saddle again."

When the terrible Captain was gone, Abel and his wife looked at each other for some while in speechless dismay. At length Mrs. Jose broke the silence.

"Whatever is to be done. John James cannot—"

"My dear, set your mind at rest; he will never pass the medical examination."

"But—"

"He never can pass the medical examination."

"Then the responsibility of disobeying the Captain will not rest with us," said Mrs. Jose.

"No," observed Abel, "exactly."

"But—he may want to know why he has not passed."

"We will say it was due to constitutional debility."

"I hope all will end right," sighed Mrs. Jose.



Captain Jose took a great deal of notice of his godson.

At that moment in rushed a farm-servant, with a blank face. "Master! Missus! There has been an accident. The old grey went down on his nose and has chucked the Captain into the road, and I reckon has broke his neck."

"Bless me!" gasped Abel. "Then he need not be subjected to medical examination."

"Please, Master, Bill Spry has already run for the doctor."

"I didn't mean the Captain, but—"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Jose.

But the Captain's neck was not broken.

He was taken home and put to bed. He had broken his spine. He was so seriously injured that his life was despaired of.

"Run!" ordered his wife. "Run at once and get Mrs. Penwarne to nurse, or help nurse him. He must not be left unattended night or day."

The Captain lingered for a week. He declined to see his brother or his nephew. He desired, he said, "not to be worried." They would hear of him soon enough.

He died, and there was a funeral, conducted with much pomp. All the mining captains and men of the neighbourhood attended to testify to their respect. Abel was chief mourner with the broken-hearted widow, and was followed by the weeping cousins, in deep black, both wearing new cloth suits, very glossy.

Abel wept copiously over the grave. John Thomas was pale, and a silent tear ran down his cheek. He had loved his stepfather, who had been just if rough, and never unkind if despotic. John James wept and sobbed so much as to provoke compassion, especially among the women present. After the religious ceremony was concluded the whole party returned to the house to be refreshed, and then the family lawyer opened the will.

"I may say," said he, "that this is an entirely new testament, superseding all previous dispositions. It has been drawn up and signed and witnessed since the Captain met with his accident. I shall proceed to read it."

Abel cleared his throat and pricked up his ears.

"This is my last will and testament," read the solicitor, "being sound in mind, though failing in body. I bequeath all that I possess to my stepson, John Thomas Trewen, and nothing to my brother Abel nor his child, seeing I have been grossly deceived and made ridiculous by them."

"That comes of his having Mrs. Penwarne to nurse him!" exclaimed Abel. "She has betrayed me."

He walked home in a blue sulk.

A circumstance happened within a week that occasioned much talk. It was rumoured that Mrs. Abel Jose had entreated the tailor who had made the mourning suit for John James to take it back and dispose of it for what it would fetch, as John James was not likely to wear it again.

What was the meaning of this? Was it a token of resentment borne against the dead Captain because he had bequeathed his property away from the family?

Another circumstance happened within a fortnight that explained it. John James appeared at church in a very becoming gown and a pretty straw hat with black ribbons, and his father and mother called him Amelia.

Again, a third circumstance occurred within three months, concerning which a few more words must be said.

One Saturday evening there came a ring at the back door of the Parsonage, and the parlourmaid, with an ill-suppressed laugh, said to the master, "Please, Sir, there is John Thomas Trewen wishes to see you, Sir."

"All right," said the rector, and went into the back hall.

"Sorry to disturb you, Sir, so late," said the young man, "but I could not well come earlier. I should like my banns called to-morrow."

"Certainly—with whom?"

"With Amelia Jose."

"Well, now," said the rector, himself suddenly overcome and ill able to suppress a laugh. "This is very awkward. Is Amelia his—I mean her—real baptismal name?"

"No, Sir, but she is now known as Amelia."

"But, my dear John Thomas, that will not hold. We must have the baptismal name. I will turn up the register and see what stands here."

"There is no need, Sir. I know that she was baptised John James, but—"

"But—" The rector bit his thumb, puzzled. "I will tell you what I will do; I will give out—I publish the banns of marriage between John Thomas Trewen, bachelor, and John James Jose, commonly known as Amelia."

"No, Sir; that won't do. She has been commonly known as John James. It is only a few weeks ago that they began to call her Amelia."

"I cannot say Amelia Jose, commonly known as John James," said the parson desperately, "because John James is her name."

"Could you put in a likewise, Sir?"

"Very well; I will say likewise. But I am afraid that when it comes to the marriage itself, you will have to stick to the actual registered name, and I shall have to enter the marriage as such."

"Well, Sir, it can't be helped; but it will sound funny."

"As you say—it can't be helped, and it will sound funny."

And—if a great concourse had assembled to the funeral of Captain Jose, a greater concourse was gathered to the wedding of John Thomas Trewen.

Every effort was made by the families to keep the day and hour dark when the ceremony was to take place, but in vain. Whether it was that an officious and chattering church sparrow proclaimed it, or whether an instinctive knowledge of the when passed like a magnetic wave through the village, cannot be told. But no sooner had the several parties started from their respective houses than the entire population set off in the direction of the church. The ringers left their occupation, whatever it might be; the women snatched up handfuls of rice and ran; the children broke out of school—even the master and the pupil-teachers ran. The church was filled to overflow, and through it ran a suppressed titter when, in loud and confident voice, the young man said: "I, John Thomas, take thee, John James, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward."

THE END.

THE NEW GALLERY.

It cannot truthfully be maintained that the New Gallery Spring Exhibition of this year compares very favourably with its predecessors. We have exchanged Sir Edward Burne-Jones for Mr. Holman Hunt, and the substitute does not fill quite the space, either literally or symbolically, of the dead artist. One naturally begins with Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, which is as amazing in its ingenuity, in its resolution, in its triumphant fixity of expression as it is glaring and hot in colour, conventional in composition, and crowded in detail. It represents the "Miracle of Sacred Fire in the Church of the Sepulchre, Jerusalem"; and you would say that every conceivable incident that history or romance has associated with that event has here been recorded and published. It is not so much a picture as a mass of information at all points. Any visitor to the New Gallery who conscientiously and completely studies every square inch of Mr. Hunt's canvas may consider himself entirely competent to discuss the miracle of the sacred fire at any European dinner-table. At the same time, it is open to everybody to dislike and entirely refuse the harsh and discordant colour-scheme, with its rank blues and purples, its hot browns, and its general effect of unmitigated commonness; while acknowledging at the same time the inventiveness, the ingenuity, and the immense patience which have all gone to the building up of this work. It is, of course, in vain that one ever looks to find one particle of atmosphere in any of Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures.

To come to the portraiture, one is compelled naturally to notice first Mr. Sargent's "Colonel Ian Hamilton." It is the only work which he contributes this year to the New Gallery, and it does not reach the highest level of Mr. Sargent's capacity. Yet it is a very fine work. The splendid modelling of the head with that little sweep of light on the upper part of the cheek-bone, the tense nervousness of the hands, and the free, the liberal strength of the figure—only Mr. Sargent among living painters can do these things. The Hon. John Collier's portrait of Mr. G. W. Stevens is, we rather think, a better picture than any (apart from the mere likeness) which he has exhibited before. Indeed, we do not in this case find the likeness so remarkable as it has been found by some critics. A strong resemblance can often be caught by catching the trick of the eyes and the fall of an under-lip: it is in the modelling of the jaw that the biggest difficulty is encountered. Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck" is charmingly conceived

and charmingly carried out; there is a very peculiar refinement in this "queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls" all among her roses. If there is a fault to find, it is that Mr. Shannon is a little too evanescent, that his effect is a trifle thin. Mr. Richard Jack, whose Sargentese effects are startlingly clever, has two good portraits. Mr. Percy Bigland, in a child's portrait, "My Three-year-old," exhibits quite an attractive picture. The pose and the expression of the young face are tenderly observed, and the hair is finely painted. Mr. Hugh Glazebrook's "Anthony Hope Hawkins, Esq.," has excellent qualities of observation and of careful work, but the result in passages

Mr. Joseph E. Southall's "Beauty Receiving the White Rose from her Father" is another instance of purely conventional laws of pose and of atmosphere, but, with the exception of the rather impotent scarf business, the thing is most delicately wrought—"wrought" is the only word to use under the circumstances. Mr. G. F. Watts, in his "Dedication," comes once more with a fine idea, a noble thought worked out with dignity, assurance, and solemnity. We scarcely think that it will rank with the very highest of Mr. Watts's pictures; there are one or two wanton little bits of colour; but it is very beautiful. Mr. Napier Henry's "A Derelict Boat" is somewhat hard, and lacking in atmosphere; but there is grandeur in the sweep of the waves and in their foam-flecked surfaces. Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton's "A Dream of Italy" is sculptural and stately, but a little bewildering; and certainly we have never found the hard blue of her sky in any Italian sky. The Hon. John Collier's "Evil" shows again, as in the portrait of Mr. Stevens, an improvement in pure style, in that broad treatment of paint, and in the sweep of the brush. The landscape, for a conclusion, is definitely disappointing. It is, of course, inevitable that in a large annual collection of work of this kind there should be much in which the relations between earth and sky are poorly and dismally observed; but we fancy there is rather more of that fatal plague to landscape-painting this year at the New Gallery than usual. Mr. Charles Bartlett's "The Load of Hay" has charm and strength, and Mr. Arnold Helecke's "Grandes Rocques" is good work. Mr. William Padgett's "La Grande Place, Quimperlé," is really alight; Miss Hilda Montalba's "A Venetian Ferry" is fascinating and beautiful; Mr. Alfred East sees with the eye of a poet and paints with the hand of an artist; Mr. Edward Stott's "Washing Day" is excellent of its kind; and if much thorough and conscientious work must perforce go unnoticed, that is because all reviews must have a limit, and because there is a natural term to human life.



Another circumstance happened within a fortnight that explained it. John James appeared at church in a very becoming gown and a pretty straw hat with black ribbons.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

The tercentenary of Cromwell's birth has revived public interest in his descendants, or rather the descendants of his female kindred, the direct male line being extinct. Among the Cromwellian posterity living is Lord Ripon. Sir William Harcourt claims indirect kinship through his first wife, and so his son, Mr. L. V. Harcourt, has a Cromwellian ancestry. The Puritans might have approved Sir William's Death Duties, but they would scarcely have gone all the way with Lord Ripon.

Lord Russell of Killowen's Secret Commission Bill, which the Belfast Chamber of Commerce does not like, but which nearly every other Chamber of Commerce in the Kingdom approves, has been laid upon the table of

the House of Lords at last. Legislation of the sort seems traditionally to belong to the House of Commons; and the Peers showed little reluctance to take up their new rôle as reformers of commerce. Lord Russell of Killowen is too accustomed to an audience of twelve to be depressed by the smallness of a jury of some forty peers, and he addressed them with all his old powers of persuasion, so that the Lord Chancellor himself, suspected of being a recalcitrant, gave the verdict with only slight reservation in the Lord Chief Justice's favour. The questions raised were delicate, no doubt. The established "tip" cannot constitute the giver or the receiver of it a criminal; and much nicety of wording is requisite to discriminate this sort of douceur from that which corrupts the individual honour, and may, in effect, be of the nature of blackmail or of a bribe.

strikes one as being a little unsure. Sir George Reid's portraits of Professor Masson and of the Rev. Alexander McLaren are sound and seriously considered works; and Mr. T. C. Gatch's "Portrait of a Child," though extremely pretty, curiously lacks all quality of solidity. Of subject-pictures, the best are undoubtedly those which frankly deal with a convention that is almost symbolical. Mr. J. M. Strudwick, for example, in his "Falling Leaves," remains true to the manners and methods which have made his work so characteristic and individual. You may believe that this latest specimen of his art is without any vital and human interest, that it is "splendidly null, dead perfection, no more," but it is impossible to deny that exquisite perfection of detail, that triumphant certainty of hand and brush, which must always and at all times be engrossing to the world.



1. The Stone Portion of the Exhibition, to be used afterwards as a School of Mines.
2. The Governor and the Premier of the Colony with Police Escort on their Way to Open the Exhibition.
3. Bayley Street, Coolgardie; Post Office on Left.

4. Triumphal Arch, Bayley Street. In Background the Warden's Court, the largest Building outside Perth, Western Australia.
5. General View of the Exhibition from Bayley Street.
6. View in Coolgardie Suburbs.

THE OPENING OF THE COOLGARDIE EXHIBITION ON MARCH 21: SCENES IN THE TOWN AND EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

From Photographs by S. J. Wilson, Coolgardie.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The new Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway Administrative Offices, at Bombay, which were opened at the beginning of last month, stand opposite the Church Gate Station at the south end of Marine Lines and of Queen's Road. The architect of the building is Mr. F. W. Stevens, C.I.E., F.R.I.B.A., etc., who was assisted by his son, Mr. C. F. Stevens, M.S.A. The design is in architectural keeping with the surrounding buildings, a condition laid down by the Government. The building took a little over four years to complete, but it would have been finished a year earlier had it not been for the prevalence of plague in Bombay. The edifice forms a fine monument of British enterprise in India. The high central tower is visible from all parts of the fort, and is a landmark to mariners approaching Bombay. The fine group of figurative sculpture representing "Engineering" on the central gable, and the two heads in full relief of Colonels French and Kennedy (the pioneers of the railway company) in the circular panels of the carriage porch, were from the studio of Mr. Roscoe Mullins, of London. The cost of the building was six and a half lacs of rupees.

The annual Amateur Art Exhibition will be held this year at Cromwell House, Cromwell Road, S.W., and will be opened on Thursday, May 11, at three o'clock by H.H. Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and on Friday, the 12th, by Mrs. Choate, wife of the American Ambassador. The exhibition will remain open on Saturday. It is held, as usual, in aid of the Parochial Mission Women's Fund and the East London Nursing Association. It will consist of three parts, one being devoted to the works of members of the Royal Amateur Society, of which H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is President and the Hon. Mrs. W. Lowther is Vice-President. This will contain paintings, photographs, and miscellaneous works of art, and medals will be awarded to the best specimens of these exhibits. The second section is devoted to the works of those who are nominated by the members of the Amateur Society. The third section is a loan annexe of original drawings and coloured prints after George Morland, of ancient needlework pictures, and of interesting and historical watches. Her Majesty the Queen is graciously lending six engravings after Morland, and a valuable needlework casket containing relics of Charles I. Among those who are sending Morlands we may mention Sir Walter Gilbey, Lady Duncannon, Sir Charles Tennant, Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Mrs. Salting, and especially Mr. Harland Peck. Among those who are lending interesting watches we may name H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge and Lady Dorothy Nevill. One room

will, moreover, be devoted to works of art given to be sold entirely for the benefit of the two charities. It is under the care of Lady Maxwell Lyte.

At the opening of the Transvaal Raad this week, President Kruger has been able to give a glowing account of the progress of the country in its mining industries. Over £70,000,000 worth of gold has been yielded in all from the fields of the Republic, and of



NEW RAILWAY OFFICES AT BOMBAY.

this sum over £16,000,000 belongs to the year 1898. In his opening speech of the session, the President alluded to his recent visit to Johannesburg, saying that he will lay before the Raad the wishes expressed by the inhabitants. During that visit, the first paid by President Kruger since the dynamite explosion of 1896, those of the inhabitants who favour Mr. Rhodes put before him the grievances under which they labour, both as to the franchise and as to the heavy taxation of their mines. The President, who addressed a meeting of some six thousand persons, very candidly faced the difficulty that he was dealing with people who wished to "come under another government." He promised to shorten the time of probation for the franchise to five years—if he could carry with him the old burghers and their descendants. "But," said he, "there shall be no bigamy"—by which he meant that England must be forsworn as a country by any of her sons who seek the rights of citizenship in the Republic. The time has now come when the President must seek to carry his instalments of reform; and that the people of Johannesburg believe that he will keep his promises, such as they are, was shown by the welcome which they gave him in the streets, and when he visited a large cigarette factory and inspected the fort. Any exhibition of lukewarmness towards his undertakings on the President's part must now be in the highest degree impolitic.

If the artistic interest of the Royal Academy is less than usual this year, the banquet, at any rate, made amends. In return for the many good things provided at that hospitable board, Lord Salisbury himself produced a political plum—such a plum as even Lord Mayors' banquets of late have failed to draw forth. Replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," the Prime Minister informed the President and his guests that a welcome end had been made to the long negotiations between this country and Russia with regard to the relative positions of the two countries in China. A formal agreement has been signed, for the exact contents of which we may contentedly wait, seeing that Lord Salisbury is able to describe them as being "gratifying." The Prince of Wales replied to the toast of "The Royal Family," and bespoke a little more money for the Millais Memorial. The united toast of "The Navy and Army" was responded to by Mr. Goschen and Lord Lansdowne, the War Minister lamenting the fewness of the battle-pictures upon the walls. Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Squire Bancroft replied for "Music and the Drama," the toast of "Literature" being omitted this year, one remarks, from the list of the toasts.



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S VISIT TO JOHANNESBURG ON APRIL 1.

Photo. Recs. Johannesburg



AT THE NEW GALLERY.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Rapin. By M. de Vere Staepoole. (Heinemann.)
The Hermit of Gray's Inn. By G. B. Burgin. P. 1 s. 6.
The Heart of Denise, and Other Tales. By S. Levett Yeats. (Longmans.)
Accessory After the Fact. By Mrs. Leith-Adams. (Dagby, Long.)
Knaves of Diamonds. By George Griffith. (Pearson.)
David Harum. By E. Nesbit Westcott. (Hoskyn.)
A Marriage in China. By Mrs. Archibald Little. New Edition. (Heinemann.)
Miss Nansie. By Sarah Tytler. John Lane.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. (Cassell.)
Tombary of Old Fort London. By Charles Egbert Craddock. (Macmillan.)
Lone Pine. By R. B. Townshend. (Methuen.)
The "Maine": Personal Narrative of Captain Charles D. Sigbee. (Fisher Unwin.)
The Shellback; or, At Sea in the 'Sixties. By Alec J. Boyd. Edited by Archie Campbell. (Cassell.)

On the borderland of the human Mr. Staepoole has a pretty fancy. He once wrote a *Pierrot* story which opened with a passage that some readers remember when hundreds of books they have read since then have been forgotten. It was not sustained at that level, but a capricious charm and an eerie suggestiveness ran through it to fascinate and tantalise; and that can only happen with a book of some worth. In "*The Rapin*" Mr. Staepoole has crossed the border. It is frankly human; and, we think, a great deal more unreal. It is a story of Bohemian life in Paris, and it is written evidently from the inside. There are photographic details which only a recent inhabitant of the *q* could reproduce; but these are for the most part without value, and sometimes rather disagreeable. A good part of the body of the story is solid enough, but the soul is all wrong. A maudlin young person, with the feelings and the brains of a stupid child, is made the centre of the romance. A millionaire prince, with Bohemian tastes, loves and woos her in a Lord of Burleigh fashion, and so consistently does he play his rôle of poor artist that he lets her want the ordinary comforts of life when she falls into a dying state. When his whim passes, not only is she left in destitution, but even bereft of our valuable sympathies. For it is with as easy a sympathy with a smiling wax doll as with Celestine, who is stuck up as the model of innocence and perfect womanhood in the midst of the grimy world of Bohemia. It is all unreal save some scraps of dialogue, and what one may call the scenery. And these are the things that a good novel may so safely be inaccurate in.

There is a temptation to which Mr. Burgin has more than once been on the edge of succumbing, and this time he has given in entirely. Always prone to sentimentalise overmuch, in "*The Hermit of Gray's Inn*" he has not checked this tendency at all, and his emotion, which, by the way, is quite uncalled for, swamps the book before the end, to its total ruin. The story turns on a misogynist vow, made by six young friends, and kept by five of them to a fairly advanced period of their lives. A foolish vow, no doubt, and Mr. Burgin suggests feelingly all the domestic joys they have missed in consequence. But they are so prosperous, so amiable, that we can never see a vision in their faces of the cold, lonely hearths which must be theirs. Mr. Burgin's master, who is evidently Dickens, might have made them repent solemnly enough, when a woman and a girl from Canada come to disturb their serene bachelorhood, but he would have brought about a jolly, humorous ending. Such an ending would not have been a whit more artificial than the original situation. But Mr. Burgin piles up the sentiment, and turns a sensible woman into a melodramatic temptress, whose tiger heart has to be softened by an awful calamity befalling the man whose feelings she has awakened and not satisfied. The beginning promised a good story—the end is bathos.

Mr. Levett Yeats is one of the few writers of the popular adventure-story who put a conscience into their work and think it worth while to expend their utmost art upon it. He has steeped himself in old French and old Italian romance till he has learnt to speak just the right language for its expression, though his sentiment is something more effusive, as becomes a Northerner. "*The Heart of Denise*," a tale of the times when the terrible Catherine de Medici ruled it at the French Court, is a charming story of loyalty forcing its modest way to acknowledgment through every obstacle that misunderstanding and suspicion and weakness can devise. It can brave comparison with all but the best of Dumas. But the triumph of the collection is "*The Captain Moratti's Last Affair*," where the desperate bravo and highwayman pays his life that the woman who has awakened him to a sense of better things shall go unharmed. Mr. Yeats writes a generous-hearted kind of romance, and in his verve and wit there is abundant relief to his overflowing sentiment.

A more unneighbourly couple of books is not often found in the same batch than the series of short stories which Mrs. Leith-Adams has joined together under the title of "*Accessory After the Fact*," and that which Mr. Griffith calls "*Knaves of Diamonds*." The first shows a clever instinct for the requirements of the "nice story." There is sensation, but not too much of it; there is abundant domestic sentiment, and some high-flown romance. Happy endings alternate with sad ones, in which, however, the moral can always be easily pointed. It is all rather cheap, but it is pleasant and amiable and quite unpretentious. In "*Knaves of Diamonds*" we are transported to South Africa, and there into a circle where surely the scum of the earth do congregate. Cheating, spying, stealing, form the staple of the tales. The cunning of one rascal set against the cunning of another provides the incident. The motives and the characters are all too solid for a reader of ordinary sensibilities to extract any amusement from this contest of desperate, degraded wits.

Bunking after a fashion, "hoss-dealin'" after a much more peculiar fashion, and the retelling of reminiscences in a fashion still more his own, are the salient characteristics of "*David Harum*," the hero of the late Mr. E. Nesbit Westcott's novel. The United States town where David has his day is a slow-going place. Modifying what

he says of a certain face, it is "humbly enough to keep one awake o' nights." It is only in the woolly West that nature evolves such grand, shrewd, shaggy personalities as David, who, were he a little more brisk and a good deal briefer in his reminiscences, would be a memorable acquaintance. David's young cashier from New York, heart sore though he is (but for less reason than he knows) on the subject of an interesting young lady, finds calm in Homeville, that placid apology for a town. "Savin' a few who had 'hoss-dealin'" with David, we leave everybody rich and happy.

One wonders at first why Mrs. Archibald Little's novel, "*A Marriage in China*," has reached a new edition. In the countryman's phrase, it is as long as a late breakfast, as well as too slow for the taste of a literary land tortoise. But it has much about the conversion of the heathen, and its morals, though tritely put, are good. Gentle curates will find it an excellent subject for discussion when visiting good ladies of conventional virtues and no imagination.

"Miss Nansie" is a "Scotch body." "Prideful Patrice," her neighbour, refers to her in a moment of temper as one who has "gone through the wood and taken a crooked stick at e'en"—that is to say, in her quaint, old-fashioned style of living she keeps her swain waiting long, and marries him, when he is by no means suggestive of a hero of romance. But with "Postie Purvis" she fares better on the matrimonial sea than did Patrice with her own spouse, whom, indeed, a prudent woman would have avoided, he having all the same as killed a former wife, a "Black Princess" that he brought from India. The salt-water-flavoured Scotland known to "Miss Nansie" is largely in touch with India. "Miss Nansie's" brothers, who return therefrom, are blustering bodies, but they clear up a mystery and right an old wrong in the end. The said mystery is one of the old stock subjects of romance, like other things in Miss Sarah Tytler's book. Though the tale has suggestions of the antique, and no particular style, the Scotch bodies of the female persuasion are all worth meeting for a spell.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton can tell "tall" stories when he is so disposed. "*The Adventures of Captain Horn*" is one of his "tallest," and the present is a cheap edition. The surprises and the treasure that fall to the captain's lot off the Peruvian coast are chronicled with a thoroughly Columbian coolness, as if they were nothing beyond the inevitable details of a morning's walk. The captain's way, too, of finding a wife—a young lady passenger, who shall be his hereditary fatality befall him when he is far from the gold gleam—is supremely nonchalant. We ought not to believe a word of it all in this sober land, but it is a "taking" story. Those Americans are so dreadfully plausible!

"*The Story of Old Fort London*" is to all intents and purposes a novel. The lady who chooses to be known as "Charles Egbert Craddock" has peopled her ground with a strangely mixed company. Sandy Macleod, the young Scotch settler; Hamish, his brother; Odalie, Sandy's beautiful young Carolinian wife (of Huguenot extraction); Ffline, their child; and a cat with a way all its own, stand out strangely from the grim Cherokee background of those eighteenth-century times. The part they play in the crucial days of Fort London is a long story. The characters associated with them in their new destiny are sheer and vital, though the patently impossible "brogue" of Corporal O'Flynn—a good fellow otherwise—breaks one's sense of reality as rudely as an aggressive "chanticleer" might break one's sleep. The climax is of dread and pity all compact, but with such forces too often did the fates of early American story play fast and fierce.

The leading characters in Mr. R. B. Townshend's "*Lone Pine*" are very well realised. The young American prospector, who, old in wandering and remoteness from his kin, after plot and stress finds happy love in New Mexico, becomes a vital figure; just as with unobtrusive art Manuelita, the gentle daughter of another race, is made a lovable one. This Indian world is seen in various sides of its humanity—instinctive, elemental, naive, and sheer. There is no approach to high art, but the story carries more conviction than the average novel.

The momentous history and the baffling mystery associated with the *Maine* are in no sense substantially affected by the "*Personal Narrative*" of Captain Sigbee. All the known details in any way connected with the disaster that was "the pivotal event of the conflict which has terminated Spanish possession in the Western World" are given in an ungarished, straightforward way; the whole being suggestive of the trained public servant who is doing a simple duty rather than the man who has any air or ambition of authorship. From this point of view, the book contains everything we could expect from the reception at Havana to the end of the inquiry that followed the explosion. The quiet, tactful course of the narrative is an impressive contrast to the trend of much earlier writing on the same subject; no touch of the fiercer issues of the question reaches this plain tale. It is the restrained, first-hand recital; but the central puzzle of the agency which produced the historic disaster in Cuban waters is still left to tantalise the imagination.

"*The Shellback*" purports to be the story of one who, in 1840, shipped as a boy on board an American vessel bound from Melbourne to Callao in Peru, thence to the Chincha Islands and the guano world, and so by sundry stages to Cork. We are assured that the incidents are not drawn from imagination, and certainly it is not easy to conceive of an imagination which, once setting to work, would not evolve a somewhat more cheerful record. Whole pages are stormy with bad language, though Mr. Archie Campbell makes much effort to suggest culminating or particularly vehement touches of those Pacific nights by dashes. The book is liberal in dashes. But the language is not the book, after all. Its burden, and a heavy burden it is, is the barbarity of the captain and his successive mates towards their unfortunate inferiors. A book for those who take their pleasures sadly.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(See Supplement.)

It will be generally said this year that the show at the Royal Academy is far inferior to any of its predecessors, and this because there are very few startling and immediately attractive canvases to prove their worth as much for the future as for the present. Two pictures, indeed, do stand out with especial prominence, but not, perhaps, with so exceptional a prominence as to give a tone to the Academy or to leaven the general average of mediocrity. Of these two pictures, the first is Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "*The Diver*." Here you have many qualities of a very high level in themselves, each combined to make a picture which must seriously be placed upon the highest contemporary level. The feeling for the sea is common enough among modern painters; but Mr. Tuke's feeling for it is exceptional and grandiose. This green sea of his moves under a real sun, moves and lives. The exquisite painting of the boat, the set-off of the rocks—all these things are beautiful, and are, moreover, things seen; yet all are little compared with the wonderful painting of flesh which, in shadow and in sun, is equally amazing, equally delightful. Mr. Tuke may be congratulated upon a very particular and artistic achievement. The second picture to which we have referred is the Lady Faudel Phillips, by Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A. It would be difficult to conceive anything in its way more assured and definite than this most striking portrait. Mr. Sargent seems to have caught the very act and aspect of his sitter's vitality, and with a certitude beyond all praise, to have swept the result of his observation upon his canvas. So much for the two pictures which we have especially selected from all the rooms. Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Charles Hunter may, at the same time, claim considerable attention. It is the kind of portrait which is bound to provoke discussion. It is whispered that a critic who unsuspiciously left his catalogue behind him was found to have written as a comment against this picture, "Half a hand: slapdash: devilish." Now, on a first glance this kind of criticism might almost seem to be justified. You look at the canvas, and certainly the hand is perplexing. You look again, and the hand comes forth in triumphant delicacy and vitality; grant, if you will, the slapdash—there are parts of the lady's raiment that do strike one as being a trifle sketchy—but "devilish": well, the thing is intensely clever, and the colour-scheme of red is remarkable for its point and significance.

There is a picture by Mr. Goodall, R.A., entitled, "*On the Road to Mandalay*." It is a warm Indian landscape, wherein the "British soldier" lies on the red soil by the side of the Burma girl, whose name is Soopi-yaw-lat, "jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen." In the distance are the temples, and the palm-trees are at hand. Yet, despite all these most romantic surroundings, Mr. Goodall has not succeeded in making a really interesting picture; and, apart from that, he is not even realistic. Mr. Kipling sings, "Her petticoat was yellor, and her little cup was green." Mr. Goodall condescends to give the lady neither a yellow petticoat nor a green cap. Another highly humorous element in the present Academy is the Hon. John Collier's "*Garden of Armida*." We all know, or should know—Macaulay's schoolboy has gone somewhat out of fashion—what Gluck's "*Armida*" is and what it was meant to be. And here you see a curious young man in evening dress surrounded by a bevy of young girls in evening dress offering him drinks in the most everyday manner conceivable. The picture is not badly painted, but it should have been called "*After the Ball*," or "*The Coming of Age*," or "*When We are Married*,"—anything rather than "*The Garden of Armida*." A feature of the Exhibition is the persistence with which the scene outside St. Paul's on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee greets you at every turn. Certainly the record of that ceremony is complete enough for future historians. One of the most noteworthy of the Jubilee pictures is that by G. d'Aunato, who has happily achieved detail without sacrifice of breadth.

For serious landscape work you must go to Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., Mr. La. Thangue, A.R.A., and Mr. G. Clausen, A.R.A. Mr. East's "*A Coombe in the 'Cotswolds*" is a far more solid and nobler piece of work than we have seen from his brush before. The lovely trees standing against the sun, themselves in liquid shadow, the exquisite sky and the distances, all combine to build up a very beautiful picture. Mr. La. Thangue is represented by many compositions, the best, perhaps, of which are "*Cider Apples*" and "*Harrowing*." The first is distinguished by the wonderful beauty of its detail harmonised into a coherent unity, the second by the extraordinary sunlight that fills the scene, that illuminates the tense and living faces, and that fills the land with a flood of exquisite beauty. Mr. Clausen's "*Going to Work*," however, remains among all these a picture to remember, with its redised coolness of early dawn and its sturdy sentiment of character. Mr. Adrian Stokes also comes with some fine sky effects in his picture "*The Old Dyke*"; while Mr. C. Napier Hemy's broad and open sea in "*Smugglers*" is as strong and suggestive a work as we have had from his brush. Among subject-pictures there is Mr. Byam Shaw's enormous work "*Love the Conqueror*" to note, a picture which strikes us as being extraordinarily inept. Why Beethoven, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Dante, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, and a person who might be either Archbishop Laud or Mr. Atterbury should (among a large concourse) march together in a crowd, all of them but indifferently realised in paint, we leave it to the symbolists to explain. Lady Butler's "*The Colours*," a dramatic episode of the Alma, is wonderfully drawn, and sincerely conceived; still, we cannot but regret the lack of pure artistry in colour and atmosphere which limits so much of her strong and moving work. So we must conclude. There are many other pictures unmentioned by us for good or evil which, for the one reason or the other, deserve mention. But here we have to set a limit to words, well knowing that among so many examples of the most modern movements in art, the critic himself has to become the mere ticket-drawer in a lottery.



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"STELLA."—PAINTED BY MADAME LOUISA STARR CANZIANI.

Now on Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA: SCENES IN THE CHUNG-KING DISTRICT.

From Photographs by R. J. Davidson, Chung-King.



HO CHOW, SIXTY MILES FROM CHUNG-KING, RECENTLY ATTACKED BY REBELS.



BRITISH SUBJECTS TAKING REFUGE ON BOATS ON THE YANGTSE-KIANG DURING THE THREATENED ATTACK OF THE REBELS ON CHUNG-KING.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XIX.—FEMALE CHITAL, OR INDIAN SPOTTED DEER.

BY LASCHELLS AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

The chital, or axis deer, is characteristically and typically Indian. Scarcely any Indian landscape is complete without its herd of these animals.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

It has always been the fate of the sweetest and prettiest flowers to be taken for political emblems, and if Lady Peggy Primrose has transferred her dear little name-flower from its association with the opposite party to that of her father by the large use of the primrose in her wedding decoration, her marriage will have had quite the effect of a political victory. The Imperialists in France captured the violet for their emblem, and long made it impossible for general wear, but that has passed over, except on one or two days of the year. Hence the Parisian ladies are able to enjoy with a clear conscience the wonderful new violets discovered or invented by an Italian horticulturist, Signor Borgiotti. These wonderful blooms are nearly three inches across, and composed of seventy to one hundred petals. The grower refuses to tell how the thing is done, and has only allowed a few of the blossoms to escape into the outer world, preferring to present them to great ladies to selling them; but, of course, this is only a matter of time, and next season the many of us whose favourite perfume is that of the violet may expect a treat.

There is an art in perfuming the person and surroundings: it is to choose a given odour and mix no other with it; place a sachet of it in every drawer and every bonnet-box (and one in with your toupée, if I may whisper of such things); let your gloves and veil breathe the perfume, and use it alone for the handkerchief. Just when dressed for going out, to dip the finger in the bottle of perfume and coax down the little hairs behind the ears has a good effect in more than one way; nothing holds a scent like hair. The gentle waft of a given perfume thus becomes characteristic of the person. Nothing lends itself better to this use than the violet; but the carnation and the rose may be almost equally well employed, and a mixture such as *Marechale* or *Ess bouquet* is quite feebly taken into favour for the purpose. But there is one caution needed: not to overdo it. One gets accustomed to an odour very quickly, and there is always the danger that, no longer perceiving it oneself, one may accentuate it for others to the vulgar and objectionable degree. Musk, happily now abandoned as a perfume by refined women, was quite fatal in that way to those who used it. The late Queen of Holland (Queen Emma's predecessor) could be known to have passed through an apartment by the strong trail of musk that she left behind her. Lady Lytton, the strange, unhappy wife of the great novelist, was an acquaintance of mine in her old age, and her letters always so perfumed the whole morning's batch that I knew when one was there the moment I entered the breakfast-room. Caution is needed with all perfumes.

Soft, well-draping dress fabrics are so much in demand as to have brought back to favour some materials that were almost disused. The chief of these is nun's veiling, which is used both for linings and outer wear. With our customary inconsistency, we line the nun's veiling with silk, and vice-versa. Voile can be had in all wool at a good price, and drapes beautifully. Though it is just too thick to reveal the lining, the placing of silk underneath it gives it a substantial character and prevents all danger of its becoming "raggy" and dowdy after one or two wearings. The fashionable grey tints are excellent in it, and are profusely trimmed with lace of an écu or even deeper shade; a grey veiling frock is very effective; a lace vest appearing between the edges of a bolero is good, and a ruche of ribbon with lace appliqué motifs should then trim both bolero and skirt. Another material redivivus is crêpon. This is not seen for outdoor wear, but in delicate shades is made for evening wear, "smothered" in lace as regards the bodice, and much befringed at the foot of the skirt with lace and crêpon flounces intermingled.

Such a dress as that sketched for us by Picador, a useful house-gown, fit for dinner wear as well as for use as a tea-gown, would do well in crêpon, though the model that our Artist sketched was in fine wool canvas—an allied material. It is seen embroidered in chenille, draped in a very artistic manner over an underskirt which the design marks off from the tunic. Scarf and sleeves are in spotted chiffon; spotted net combined with crêpon would be almost equally effective and more durable. Frenchwomen of rank and wealth, I am informed, are now working with enthusiasm on embroideries for their own gowns; it is work that can be done in a drawing-room, the materials all being soft and pretty; and the Parisiennes are reverting to the habit of our grandmothers in going out to dinner and a quiet friendly evening armed with a work-ette, from which a cuff or a band for the tunic comes forth to be embroidered as they chat. Picador's second and more elaborate tea-gown has the sides and close-fitted sleeves of silk embroidered down the edges and on the epaulette, which falls on the arm in an original manner; the yoke is of lace and the front of gathered chiffon, while waistband and bows of velvet offer opportunity of deepening the colour-note.

Kid embroidered is the latest in expensive decorations. It is a soft, pliable material, more like a suede glove than of the texture of the upper of a shoe, you understand; and

which is wanted at the moment. Passing fashions are best expressed in jewels which are not too costly; and, considering the beauty of design and the perfection of workmanship, the ornaments produced by the Parisian Diamond Company are extremely moderate in price.

NOTES.

As I recently remarked (much to the annoyance of the teetotalers, who have ever since been giving me in their peculiar journals a sample of the good manners and excellent logic by which they commend their cause to the public), there is so much charitable work needs doing that it is a blunder to squander immense sums on perhaps the least worthy and least hopeful of all the degenerates of the community—habitual drunkards. A London contemporary is drawing attention to one of these crying needs—places for poor, decent, sober women to live, or rather to sleep in, when they cannot keep a home of their own. The London rents are so high that thousands of poor creatures, respectable and hardworking, but sickly, or dull, or in some cases merely unskilled, and friendless, have to live in common lodging-houses. For men of the same type there is now abundant accommodation—or, at any rate, there is room for thousands—in decency and comparative luxury. For women, who surely need it more from many points of view, there is nothing. Men have as

shelter for a few pence a night, the Rowton Houses founded by Lord Rowton, the Victoria Homes started by Lord Radstock, and a County Council hotel near Drury Lane. For the same class of women there is nothing but the lowest, dirtiest, most offensive common lodging-houses, run by private people of the ordinary commercial type that deals with that stultum. How sad this seems, and what a pity that there is no woman of means and ability with the will to do for the poor of her own sex what men have done so well for theirs!

Mere labour organisation could often do something for the poorest workers. Here is Lancashire actually begging to be sent widows with young families for mill-work. The secretary of the Liverpool Relief Committee, 2, Exchange Street East, says that he can place a number of widows with families where there are two children over

fourteen years of age—girls preferred, though boys from eleven to fifteen can be taken—and put them in situations of comfort at once. This will be such good news for many visitors among the poor that I make it thus known. The widow with a family is generally in such a sad plight that it is pleasant to think of her being wanted somewhere.

Every day science teaches us more emphatically that the grubby task of cleansing our homes from dust is in its essence one of solemn importance. The fact that consumption, the terrible disease that destroys ten thousand of our bright young people in their bloom every year, is conveyed by infection that is blown about and into our lungs in company with the dust, in which it has found a harbourage, alone should make us careful to clear out dust from the house well. The latest fact to be noticed is that the even more awful disease of cancer is apt to attack people who live in certain houses, as though some germ clung to their walls. Air, light, and cleanliness are the preventive means provided by nature against the clinging of infection to our homes, and it is in our hands that the application of this fact lies. Yet what use is it for us to "spring clean" if we then wear for walking the new trailing skirts, so eel-skin tight that they cannot be held off the ground even? If we reflect on what we may be catching up and carrying home, can we allow it to occur? Each time I see the now frequent sight of a woman sweeping the streets with a long tail too narrow for her to hold up, thus wearing as a walking gown one cut in a style only suitable for house and carriage wear, I feel as if I shall be ashamed ever again to talk of the refinement of women. FILOMENA.



A USEFUL HOUSE-DRESS.



AN ELABORATE TEA-GOWN.

it is prepared for vests, or just in bands for revers, ends to scarves, cuffs, and collar, and so on. The kid is white or tan-coloured; the materials used in the embroidering are of the brightest tinsel intermixed with silks of all manner of bright hues, so that a little of the material goes a long way in decorating the smartest of gowns or coats.

"One looks nothing nowadays unless one has a large diamond buckle under one's chin!" So said a certain smart woman to me the other day, and in obedience to her dictum I promptly set off to the Parisian Diamond Company, at 85, New Bond Street, where she told me such things were sold. There I found quite a bewildering number of beautiful ornaments to be worn in the way she suggested—not commonplace buckles, but lovely Louis Seize designs set in a trellis-work background dotted with small diamonds, most of them furnished with hinges so as to suit the shape of the throat. Mounted on a broad band of velvet, these ornaments make a most pleasing addition either to a day or evening gown, and they can scarcely be too large. Fascinating pins for the hair are to be seen at 85, New Bond Street—nowhere else have I seen such elegance and design. A pin for the hair is generally a stiff, upright ornament, but these flowers of diamonds and turquoise are graceful beyond words, and wrapped round with waving lines of diamond foliage. Snowdrops (in diamonds only) are perfectly represented, and there are daisies and irises exquisitely simulated in sparkling gems. Whether the Parisian Diamond Company lead the fashions or follow them is a moot question; it is certain that they are always in accord with them, producing the exact thing



"When the heart of a man
Is o'er clouded with fears;" "The mist is dispelled"
"When a woman appears."
With a cup of FRY'S COCOA to cheer him.

FROM
A Lecture on Cocoa
BY
DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

"A Cocoa Bean is a kind of Vegetable Egg, which contains all that is needed to build up a living body. . . . Cocoa is a combination of foods—of true foods in every sense of the term. . . . But see that you get a really good Cocoa. I should say use

Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

which is my Ideal of Perfection.

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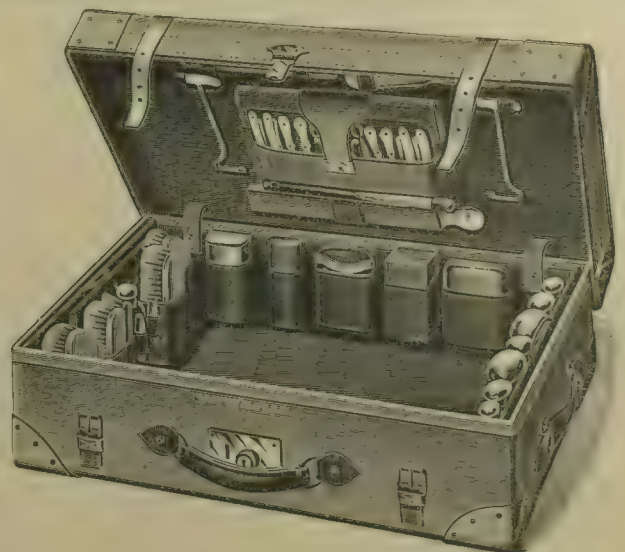
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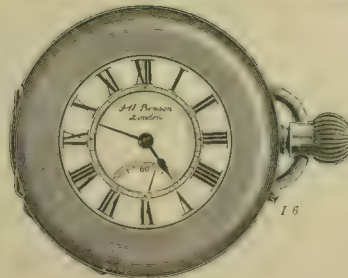
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ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have not the faintest notion of the composition of the Peace Congress. I know it is to be held at the Hague in "Het Huis ten Bosch" (the House in the Wood), and that Sir Julian Pauncefote is coming all the way from Washington to represent the English Government. This is the extent of my knowledge. It would have been very easy to get the names of the representatives of the other Powers; but easy though it would have been, from my point of view, it was not worth while. If "the Angel of Peace" himself were to descend from heaven and proceed in the flesh to the Dutch residence-town to preside at the gathering, I should feel convinced beforehand that his time was being wasted. I did not admire and did not believe in the late Adolphe Thiers, but there is an almost unknown *mot* of his coining which practically paints the situation of to-day, albeit that the *mot* was uttered nearly thirty-six years ago, or, to be precise, on Nov. 12, 1863. Napoleon III., who throughout his reign was suffering periodically with a mania for summoning Congresses, had, in his opening speech to the Chambers, alluded to the necessity for a Congress, in order to put an end to the feeling of tension and discomfort prevalent then, as now, in Europe. As a matter of course, the speech was commented upon after the sitting, and

Thiers, who had only made his reappearance at the Palais-Bourbon after an absence of twelve years, was asked for his opinion. He jerked his head on one side, and in his peculiarly piping voice delivered himself of one sentence: "I have now and again heard of consultations of physicians; I have never—absolutely never—heard of a consultation of people who were very ill," he said.

Europe is very ill. All her Governments are probably suffering from a somewhat similar disease, the diagnosis of which would occupy too much space here, even if such a diagnosis were easy, which it is not. And just as individuals with more or less money to spare and not exactly knowing what ails them, or perhaps knowing too well, proceed to Wiesbaden, Carlsbad, and Vichy, ostensibly to drink the waters, but in reality to enjoy themselves, but without the slightest faith in the probability of a temporary cure, let alone a permanent one, so the Governments of Europe, in the shape of their representatives, are proceeding to the Hague to taste a concoction apparently from a new spring discovered by Nicholas II., which he has labelled "Friedenbrunn."

They might have gone to a worse spot. The Hague, especially at this time of the year, if the weather be at all favourable, is a most delightful city; later on, it would,

perhaps, not be so delightful, for the intense summer heat is often accompanied by exhalations from the canals. At present, however, it is most charming. There will be in the morning the delicious drive to the House in the Wood, the place built by Frederick Henry, the second son of William the Silent, for his wife, Amalia van Solms. There are the paintings in the Orange Hall by Cæsar van Everdingen, Salomon de Bray, Peter de Grebber, and others; there will probably be a French operatic company, besides the famous band of the Rifles and Grenadiers which is the Household Regiment of the Queen of the Netherlands; there is the small but positively matchless collection of pictures at the Mauretschuis, with its Potter's "Steer," Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson," Douw's "Night School," and a kind of Dutch Hogarth, van Troostwyck, I believe, for I am writing from memory; and there is, above all, Scheveningen, with its unique approach of three miles of trees and glades.

There are, moreover, several beautiful promenades in the Hague itself, and notably the Voorhout, where the Ministers, Ambassadors, and the company that has followed in their wake will most likely foregather. All those envoys are on the best of terms; there are no awkward points of precedence to settle, which was not always the case. In connection with that bygone code of



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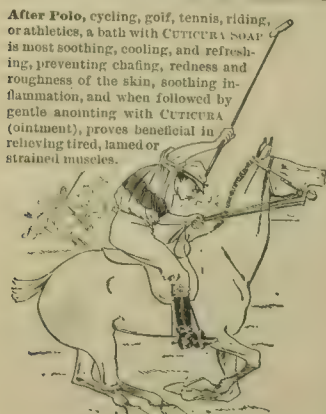
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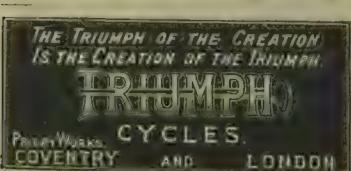
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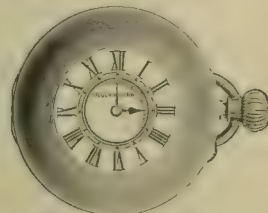
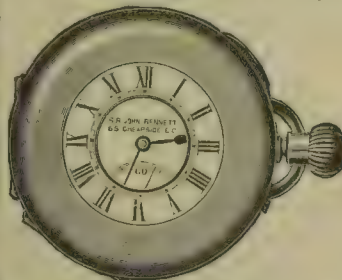
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etiquette, there are many interesting bits of history, for one of which I must find room here.

Two hundred and thirty-five years ago, when the future William III. of England was only a stripling, the principal carriage road in the Voorhout was a narrow one, and one day during the fair the young Prince was seated in his carriage with his tutor when the conveyance of Marshal Count d'Estrades came from the opposite direction. The French Ambassador, emboldened by the successful arrogance of some of his predecessors—French arrogance is not a new thing—refused to make way. The young Prince was equally determined not to budge. There was literally a deadlock. A sensible gentleman, Master Johan de Witt, who had prevented strife in several similar cases, happened to be providentially on the spot. He hurried post haste to the Dowager Princess Mary (the daughter of Charles I.), who there and then sent for her son, alleging that she wished to consult him. Young William left his carriage as a protest; but naturally the moment it was empty its horses' heads were turned in the direction of the stables, and Count d'Estrades had an empty victory. The English Court did not, however, like the thing. Blood was stronger than water; and yet people prate of perpetual peace.

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Norwich writes that he is and has ever been opposed to the publication of Sunday papers, and that as "my association with the unhappy departure has been misunderstood and has caused distress to those who were 'in Christ before me,' no numerical opportunity of this kind shall ever induce me to grieve them."

It is suggested that there should be a federation of the Evangelical Press. None of the Evangelical papers commands anything like the circulation of the *Church Times*. It is difficult to see how a step of this kind can possibly be carried out.

The Baptist Union has had this year perhaps the most successful meetings ever known. The Twentieth Century Fund of a quarter of a million is being raised, and there is every prospect that within two years the whole sum will be in hand.

The son of the late Dean Milman is engaged on a biographical sketch of his eminent father. The book will be belated indeed, but still welcome.

The death of Mr. Purcell has brought to mind again his famous Life of Cardinal Manning. It is stated by a Church paper that the Cardinal, being unable to repay

Mr. Purcell part of the money advanced for the abortive Kensington *Academia*, offered him the materials for the Life as a means by which he could recompense himself for the loss. Mr. Purcell's Life was by no means well received among Catholics. He was engaged when he died on a book about Cardinal Newman, but it is not known how far the book was completed.

The Rev. G. C. Ommanney declares that he has never celebrated Holy Communion, during the twenty-five years he has been a priest, without disobeying the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and he never meant to celebrate Holy Communion without disorders of that kind.

The following curious paragraph appears in the *Warrington Examiner*—

LAWLESSNESS IN THE CHURCH.

This was the subject of an address given in the Town Hall, Earlston, on Thursday evening, by one of the Wycliffe preachers, but owing to the counter-attraction of the Comic Football Match, there was only a very thin audience.

The *Church Times* says that if Oliver Cromwell had been ruler of the country to-day, he would have first imprisoned Dr. Clifford and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, and then issued an ordinance for the suppression of the *Christian World* and the *British Weekly*. V.

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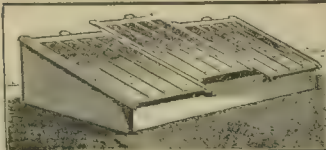
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14 ft. by 6 ft.	£ 3 5 0	14 ft. by 5 ft.	£ 2 5 0	14 ft. by 4 ft.	£ 1 5 0
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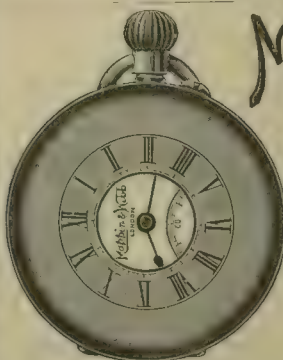
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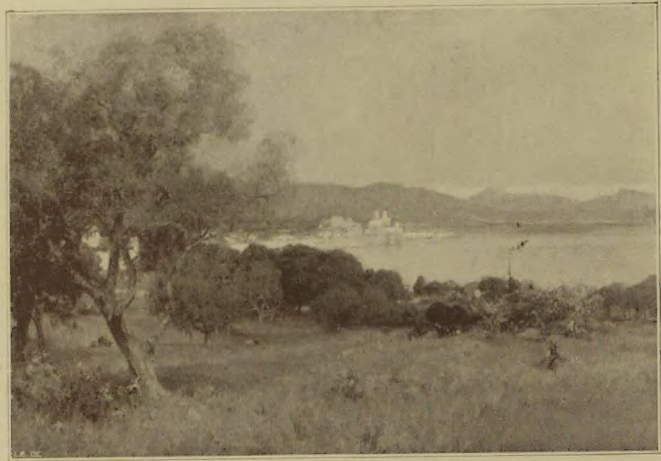
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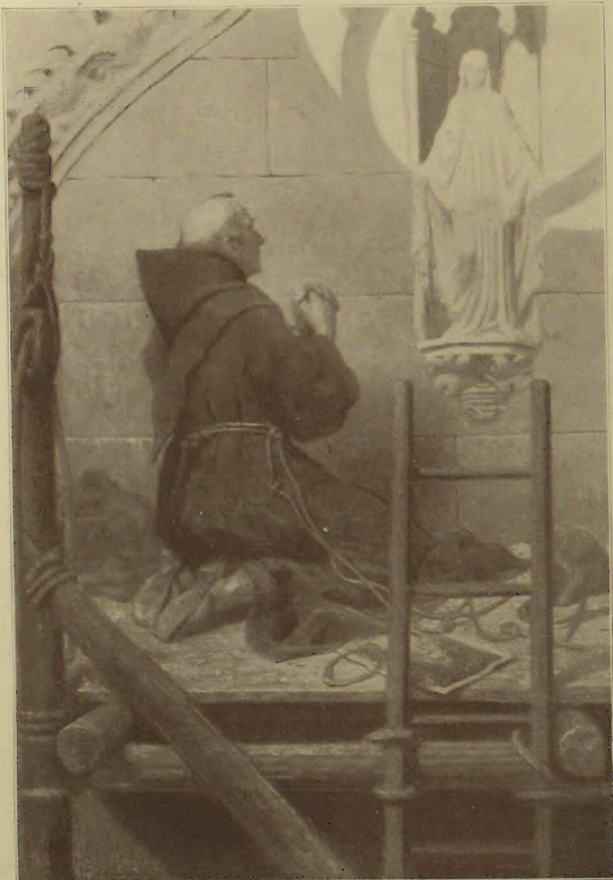
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